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VOLUME XXIII, 1953–4

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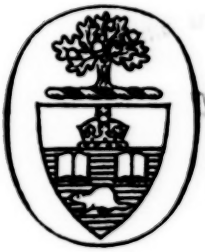

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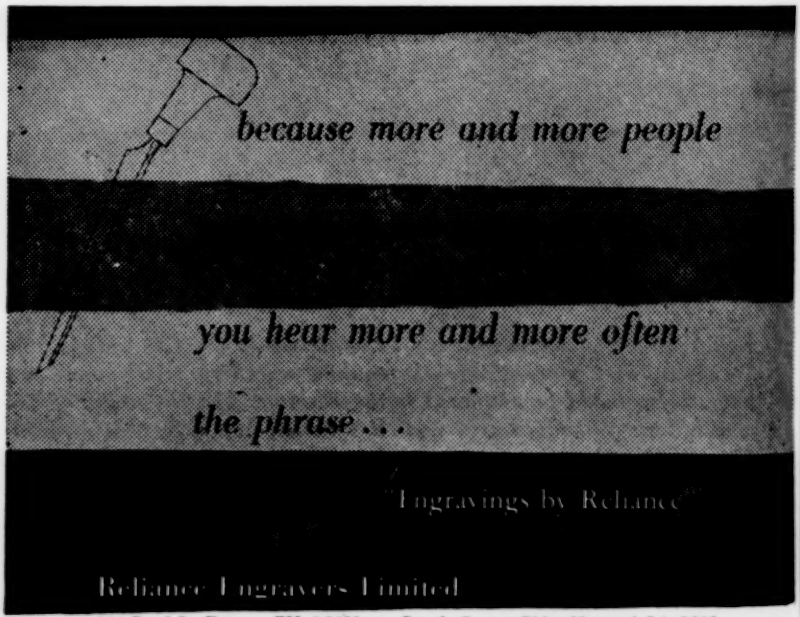
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MECHANISM OR DESIGN?—A MISLEADING DILEMMA

HERBERT L. STEWART

Always towards perfection is the mighty movement—towards a complete development and an unmixed good.—HERBERT SPENCER

Nature has no predetermined end, and final causes are only human fancies.—SPINOZA

Through the Ages one increasing purpose runs.—TENNYSON

THIS article is not meant to argue whether the universe is planned or unplanned. Its aim is far less ambitious, to discuss whether those who believe that the universe has a plan are disavowing, by implication, the explanatory method of the physical sciences. It was prompted by a recent book.

Professor F. H. Anderson's *Philosophy of Francis Bacon* is rich in detail and vivid in description of a thinker who of late has had less than justice from historians of philosophy. But it has one astonishing chapter entitled "Bacon's Revival of Materialism." The author of the *Novum Organum* and the *Advancement of Learning* there appears with an "avowed intention to merge metaphysics with physics and to promulgate a materialistic philosophy."[1] Many a startled reader must have thought of passages in which Bacon, far from avowing, denounces fiercely any such doctrine. For example:

> I had rather believe all the Fables in the *Legend* and the *Talmud* and the *Alcoran* than that this universall Frame is without a Minde. . . . It is true that a little Philosophy inclineth Mans Minde to Atheisme. But depth in Philosophy bringeth Men's Mindes about to religion. For while the Minde of Man looketh upon Second Causes Scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and goe no further; but when it beholdeth the Chaine of them, Confederate and Linked together, it must needs flie to Providence and Deitie.[2]

His reason for applying the epithet "materialist" is indeed made quite clear by Professor Anderson himself; but it involves a change in the significance of a familiar word which would surely be most inconvenient. Bacon certainly insists on mechanical causes for the scientific systematizing of experience (causes other than mechanical being beyond our scrutiny), though at the same time he not merely acknowl-

[1]F. H. Anderson, *The Philosophy of Francis Bacon*, (Chicago, 1948), 48 ff.
[2]Francis Bacon, *Essays* (London, 1597), "Of Atheism."

edges but emphasizes a design to which such mechanism is but an instrument. If we call a man who adopts this position a "materialist," I know not to what philosopher of our time the epithet would be inapplicable. Who would question the soundness of the argument that it is not only futile, but worse, a fault to guess at "design," because such spurious explanation is likely to block the way of real explanation? One recalls a passage from the *Advancement of Learning*: "The handling of final causes, mixed with the rest in physical enquiries, hath intercepted the severe and diligent enquiry of all real and physical causes, and given men the occasion to stay upon these satisfactory and specious causes, to the great arrest and prejudice of further discovery."[3] Enumerating some gross examples of this, Bacon proceeds to declare that ideas of design "are well enquired and collected in metaphysique, but in physique they are impertinent": "Nay, they are, indeed, *remoras* and hindrances to stay and slug the ship from further sailing; and have brought this to pass, that the search of the physical causes hath been neglected and passed in silence."

My purpose in this article, however, is not to dispute about the proper meaning of a word. It is to press a question about the supposed conflict between a mechanical and a teleological account of the world process, on which Plato's *Republic*, VI, 511, re-read in the light of Bergson's Preface to *Matière et Mémoire*, supplies a text.

Plato describes the third section of a journey for one proceeding upwards along the educational "Divided Line," as occupied with what in ancient terminology were known as "universals" and in modern are called "general concepts." He points out that these are all, initially, guesses, more or less serviceable for the arrangement of experience, and to be retained or discarded or amended according to the success with which they make the world of phenomena manageable. He had indeed in mind, as a sort of far-off divine event, an ordering of concepts (or, as he said, of "Ideas") in which tentative or limited guessing would yield to such a coherent, all-inclusive system that the "way up" of searching science would be abandoned for the "way down" of expository omniscience. But this is no more than a dream for an intellectual paradise of the future, while the practical limits of the present are constantly in Plato's mind: reason he speaks of as "using hypotheses not as accepted first principles, but genuinely as hypotheses (like steps or points of departure) on the way to that which is beyond hypothesis, that she may rise to the first principle of

[3]Francis Bacon, *Advancement of Learning* (London, 1605); see *Works* (London, 1869), VI, 223.

the whole; then, laying hold on this, and on what it involves, descend again, making no use of any sensible object, from ideas through ideas and in ideas ends."[4]

Upon this, after 2,300 years, Bergson's *avant-propos* to *Matière et mémoire* supplies a commentary. With Plato's still unrealized dream in mind, and thinking of the follies in system after system which ignored the limits of science set by Plato, he speaks of the need to avoid confusing utility in practice with adequacy in ultimate explanation. If only this had been observed, if such an intellectual "Warden of the Marches" had been constantly available, many an irritating puzzle which wasted the time of the Schools would have been quickly solved, and others would never have arisen:

> Beaucoup de difficultés métaphysiques naîtraient donc peut-être de ce que nous brouillons la spéculation et la pratique, ou de ce que nous poussons une idée dans la direction de l'utile quand nous croyons l'approfondir théoriquement, ou enfin de ce que nous employons les formes de l'action à penser. En délimitant alors soigneusement l'action et la connaissance, on verrait s'éclaircir bien des obscurités, soit que certains problèmes arrivent à se résoudre, soit qu'il n'y ait plus lieu de les poser.[5]

I

The invaluable word "hypothesis," of Greek origin like so much else in our philosophic nomenclature, means an assumption plausible enough to be worth trying, and to be judged by the degree to which it "works"—that is, by its success or failure in bringing facts into a coherent system. This instrument of what Plato called διαίοια is familiar in all intellectual effort. It was at work in the early stages of astronomical theory before the planet Neptune was discovered, as inability to account for certain observed movements and positions in the heavens started conjecture, and some one was sagacious enough to suggest the action of another planet as yet unrecognized. The method thus exemplified on the grandest scale of inquiry is no less plain on the lowliest. Anyone who has tentatively with pencil (not in confident optimism with ink) begun to fill in the spaces of a cross-word puzzle, keeping an eraser at hand, knows in practice what Plato meant by ἡ ἀνω ὁδός.

How far the dogmatic certainties of ἡ κάτω ὁδός are justifiable, is the question of this article. They are conspicuous in what is called "dogmatism"—a habit which, ever since F. H. Bradley published *Appearance and Reality*, has been seen to be often as glaring a fault

[4]Plato, *Republic*, VI, 511.
[5]H. Bergson, *Matière et mémoire* (Paris, 1896), *Avant-Propos*.

in scientists as in theologians. Confidence that an explanation is "right" grows stronger as more and more facts are found to fit into it, and especially as it is found to serve as basis for predictions on which one is able to act with practical success. But, as Bradley pointed out, such corroboration is quite compatible with the hypothesis being "wrong," provided its error is of the sort negligible for the particular prediction.[6] During centuries of successful seamanship it was universally assumed that the earth was flat and that the sun revolved round it. Sailors forecasting on this basis felt confirmed by the event. Wherein, then, consists the "truth" of the doctrine of the earth's rotundity and of its revolution round the sun, as contrasted with the "untruth" of pre-Copernican physics? It consists in the capacity of the later not only to fulfil the predictive functions of the earlier, but to include and arrange other phenomena of which the earlier took no notice and by which it would have been embarrassed. When F. C. S. Schiller suggested that F. H. Bradley was implicitly a pragmatist,[7] he could support this by pointing out that Bradley's attack on the incoherence of conceptual thinking was accompanied by acknowledgment of the concept as indispensable for successful action.

Design in the universe very easily suggests itself as one observes the minuteness and accuracy with which the parts work together. It seemed to William Paley that there was the same evidence for a Creator in the structural adaptations of Nature as that which could compel an intelligent savage into whose hands a watch fell for the first time to infer a watch-maker from observing the balance and system and delicate interconnection of the parts. There is a like central thought in Addison's hymn about the spacious firmament proclaiming its Great Original, about the orderly movements within it revealing laws that were prescribed to them, and about Reason's ear being sensitive to an harmonious execution no less convincing because of solemn silence for the ear of the body. The nineteenth-century *Bridgewater Treatises*, developing this argument to a Divine Mechanician, had been anticipated in essence many times, as far back as Justin Martyr's *Apology*, and by pre-Christian thinkers whose illustrations of it Montaigne delighted to present. Tertullian wrote of *anima naturaliter Christiana*, and might well have quoted as examples the reflection of Socrates that belief in immortality had "a sort of natural likelihood and fitness," or Cicero's retort to Democritus that he could as well believe the *Annals of Ennius* to have come automatically "legible and clear" from letters of the

[6]F. H. Bradley, *Appearance and Reality* (Oxford, 1893), chap. xxiv, "Degrees of Truth and Reality."

[7]Cf. F. C. S. Schiller, *Studies in Humanism* (London, 1907), chap. iv, "Truth and Mr. Bradley."

alphabet thrown at random on the ground, as explain away the wisdom and design so manifest in the world of Nature.[8]

On the other hand, the design argument for theism has been subjected to derisive repudiation. Bertrand Russell in his "Free Man's Worship"[9] reproduces Spinoza's warning against final causes which are only human fancies. Diderot in his *Promenade du sceptique* poured scorn on the argument that man's discovery of so much in Nature available for his purposes indicates its planning by Providence on his account: "You pile a vast piece of ground with earth-heaps thrown here or there by chance, but among which the worm and the ant find convenient dwelling-places. What would you think of those insects if, reasoning after your fashion, they fell into raptures over the intelligence of the gardener who had arranged all these materials so delightfully for their convenience?" Frederic Harrison has a similar passage about an ant on a rose-bush developing theories on seasons, showers, earthquakes, whose real origin was in the use of the gardener's hose and spade.[10]

In view of the misplaced ingenuity of so much design interpretation, such presumptuous pretence of what a Neoplatonist called "thinking the thoughts of God after Him," it was natural and salutary that there should be recoil to a mechanical theory of the world process, an explanation of events by previous events, with no reference to a purpose: what Bergson called explanation by a "push," not by a "pull." Search for natural laws, for general statements of what happens after something else has happened, is the method of mechanical science, limiting itself to such uniformities as are accessible rather than guessing at such as are outside human ken. Categories or terms of classification such as *substance*, *quality*, *space*, *time*, *cause*, are scientifically indispensable, however much Bradley's analysis may show them ultimately incapable of defence. Among such highly convenient categories, those are most attractive which lend themselves most easily to *measurement*, and we tend to force under such formulation aspects of experience which may turn out to be incapable of being thus measured. Quantitative categories are the constant recourse of those so habituated to spatial inquiry as to have become unable to realize the need for categories of another kind in dealing with the non-spatial. Hence the sting of Bergson's critique on the illusions of much popular "psychophysics," much talk about "dissociations of personality," "subconsciousness," and so forth. Hence, too, Henry Sidgwick's unanswerable protest

[8]Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, ii, 37.
[9]Cf. Bertrand Russell, *Mysticism and Logic* (London, 1917).
[10]F. Harrison, *The Philosophy of Common Sense* (London, 1907), 36.

against the application to psychology of methods attested by their successful use in chemistry, without note of the essential differences between the two fields.[11] There is obvious room for application of the warning against transfer of spatial categories to the time-process when we confront the exhausting but also inexhaustible puzzles about "free will."

II

Hume once expressed his surprise that defenders of the Faith should look for divine interference in the cosmic process, and urged that such exceptional occurrences if demonstrated would be, to the philosopher, a difficulty rather than a confirmation of theism. Pringle-Pattison[12] compared such timid theologians, in their anxiety to prove "miracle" here and there, to King Uzzah who laid profane hands upon the Ark of God to "steady" it. My contention here for reconciling provisional mechanism with ultimate teleology is but a rationalizing of every venture in cosmic explanation. Plato, in the passage I quoted above, about the sifting and testing of hypothesis, defines the very essence of what is still done in every experimental laboratory. To "explain" means to fit an occurrence into its place in an ordered whole, to exhibit it in such connection with other occurrences that by observing one of them we may predict others; and as we are not yet—to use an historic phrase—"spectators of all time and all existence," we must be content with prediction for a limited human necessity. There may be a divine purpose without reference to which, ultimately, what we see is no more explicable than the acorn without reference to the oak into which it will grow. But of this in the future we can have no knowledge, and we must content ourselves with inferring, provisionally and tentatively, from such phenomena as we can explore. That experience constitutes such a rational system we have no proof, nor can we have, because all "proof" begins with the assumption of rationality, and hence cannot lead to it. Unprovable, but also indubitable!

I shall not, however, digress into an argument beyond the scope of what I have taken as my present topic. One thing at a time. I am here concerned only to show reasons of protest against a veto, confidently urged and too often submissively accepted, by which teleology is forbidden not only as a method but as a belief; a veto which represents the belief in teleology as an offence against science. What I urge is that the two sorts of cosmic interpretation, so often set forth in such form as to imply a dilemma between them, by no means exclude each other when

[11]Cf. H. Sidgwick, *Philosophy, Its Scope and Relations* (London, 1902), chaps. VI–IX.

[12]A. S. Pringle-Pattison, *The Idea of God* (Oxford, 1917).

correctly formulated. The theologians' doctrine of a Divinity shaping our ends, rough hew them how we may, is at least not automatically disproved by experience of success in exploring the universe on the assumption that what is before us is just a mechanism and that there is no divine interference either to alter the machine or to counteract its working. Bergson has argued, convincingly, that there is nothing in the evidence for evolution to deny the possibility of its being "creative," with emergence from time to time of what is altogether new, in no sense involved in what has gone before, or capable of being predicted by any knowledge however exhaustive of its antecedents. Whence, then, comes the common taking for granted of the contrary, regarding it as self-evident that whatever develops must somehow have been involved in what went before, and that the inevitable abandonment of the attempt to "explain" certain events is compelled by the limits of our knowledge about an antecedent? This comes from unconscious transfer of the categories of spatial analysis, with which thought begins, to events in time upon which we quite gratuitously (however naturally) impose our familiar spatial schemes of arrangement. Thus Time becomes a whole made up of parts; Personality is "analyzed" (like a material composite); a Self is described as made up of "selves"; Intelligence is made to yield its "quotients" in the very language of arithmetic. I am not quarrelling with any of these descriptions, but merely insisting that the limits of their validity be acknowledged, and that we know definitely what we are doing as we carry out what Aristotle called μετά βασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος. The great marvel of the cosmic process is the evolution of a mind by which the relations within that process can be traced, and all efforts to "explain" this as itself a product of the process it interprets are plainly *petitiones principii.*

A History of Dogma in Science might be made as diverting and as instructive as any History of Dogma in Theology. In each case an eagerness to compress the explanation of the universe into terse and easily applied formulae produced intellectual "settlements" soon to prove premature and untenable. A philosophical "modernist" has had his critical mission with the inheritance of materialism or pantheism, as truly as a modernist theologian with the doctrines of the Nicene Council. As A. E. Taylor, for example,[13] undertakes to show the methodological value coupled with ultimate invalidity of the Law of Mechanical Causation, or G. E. Moore to explain how the utilitarian moralists were good social reformers though they profoundly misconceived the ultimate contrast of "good" and "evil,"[14] one is conscious

[13]A. E. Taylor, *Elements of Metaphysics* (London, 1903).
[14]G. E. Moore, *Principia Ethica* (Cambridge, 1903).

in such books about antiquated dogma of an atmosphere like that of the *Modern Churchman*. It is difficult for the present generation to realize how confident were the philosophical Darwinians of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, some with Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, others with Ernst Haeckel's *Welträtsel*, as their sacred scripture in which all cosmic puzzles were to be solved. As the fundamental incoherence of such solutions is pointed out, one has now the task of salvaging from the philosophic wreck such remains as a theologian of the latest school would call "elements of truth and value" in a superseded Creed. What Professor Anderson has so inconveniently named the "materialism" of Francis Bacon, though never intended by its author to support a mechanical and to deny a teleological interpretation of the Universe, has been so misused by numerous later writers. A rescue of what was sound from the remains of what has been exploded in their systems is a duty of criticism to bygone philosophers, and with due acknowledgment of Bacon's signal service it is fair to press this upon his latest expositor.

A MASQUE OF LOVE AND DEATH

DARREL ABEL

THREE quarters of a century ago *The Marble Faun* rivalled *The Scarlet Letter* in popularity, but it is now the least read of Hawthorne's romances. It used to be admired as an elegant guidebook to Italy, but readers now agree with Henry James that the impression it gives of Italy is "factitious." Parvenu Americans of the Gilded Age relished its comments on Italian art, but these are now deplored as mere decorative embellishments which clog the narrative. Nineteenth-century readers prized *The Marble Faun* chiefly for its cloudy allegorical suggestiveness; they delighted to read it as an edifying puzzle, a Christmas pie full of moral sugarplums. It was, as E. P. Whipple said, "a labyrinth of guesses," in which biased interpreters followed such different clues that they were led to discoveries of meaning sometimes flatly contradictory to each other. Thus, Father A. F. Hewitt, writing in the *Catholic World* in 1885, found in the romance a record of Hawthorne's being "brought face to face with Catholicism, having his mind freed to a considerable extent from Protestant prejudices"; whereas Jessie K. Curtis, writing in the *Andover Review* a few years later, asserted that the book represents "Protestantism facing Popery." (These apparently conflicting views are perhaps not irreconcilable, as we shall see, although such opinions are so explicit that they express merely part-truths about the romance.)

Because the book was thus overvalued for its genteelism and didacticism, it is now seldom read; such extrinsic attractions are no longer thought to be the proper ground of interest in fiction, and nineteenth-century moral precepts and art appreciations have slight appeal for twentieth-century readers.

Academic critics continue, however, to give *The Marble Faun* some attention, but not to expound its moral teaching and art commentary. Modern criticism is mainly of two sorts: either it is what Hawthorne called "that inflexible and exceedingly dangerous species of criticism" which insists upon "bringing his fancy-pictures almost into positive contact with the realities of the moment," "exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives"; or it is an explication of *The Marble Faun* as symbolic narrative, moral but not moralistic in the narrow sense of the older criticism, presenting a moral vision of life, but not pretending to any specific moral utility or practical tendency in influencing conduct.

Criticism of the first sort is a relentless pursuit of particularity, which, as Hawthorne complained, "looks too closely at the wrong side

of the tapestry"—that is, endeavours to find a literal meaning for the book by seeking a factual reference for its characters and events. This attempt to force Hawthorne's romances to an extreme of particularity is as misguided as the attempt of nineteenth-century moralists to force them to an extreme of abstract generalization.

Criticism which interprets *The Marble Faun* as symbolic narrative follows Hawthorne's intention. He said that *The Marble Faun* was designed to bear "a certain relation to human nature and human life," but this design is far different from the intention of a novelist (Hawthorne refused to accept the label) who attempts circumstantial transcription of chapters of actual life. Hawthorne felt that essential significances are implicit in the facts which are the ground of their existence: "A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely, and skilfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first." This study will explore the symbolism of characters in *The Marble Faun*, and will examine the implications of the situation in which the characters are involved.

I

Hawthorne was an habitual idealist, who apparently saw the world as the projection of an idea in the mind of God; in "The Hall of Fantasy," for example, he envisaged the possibility that Heaven would consist of immediate union with the divine idea—that is, of emancipation from physical modes of perception which require the material world as an object of contemplation. Although he thought that the world substantially existed independently of the human, if not the divine, mind, man's perception of the world he considered not merely passive and recipient, but imaginative—that is, subjectively creative. Man's attention selects from the various phenomena elements which correspond to and reflect the images with which his imagination is filled. Thus the visible world, although its real existence does not depend upon man's recognition of it, exists to an individual only as a mirror of his private consciousness. This explains Hawthorne's fondness for mirror devices in his stories, and his favourite metaphor of the heart as a cavern which man explores and from which issue the figures which people his moral world.

Hawthorne, then, characteristically treats the visible world, the projection of divine idea and the object of human cognition, as a set of symbols of a spiritual or ideal world beyond it: "Everything has its spiritual meaning, which to the literal meaning is what the soul is to

the body." He handles visible reality plastically, to reflect the varying states and conditions of perception of his different characters, each of whom lives literally in a world of his own unique apprehension. These various worlds are of course very much alike, so that human beings share much of reality, although different persons can never apprehend an identical reality. A sympathetic person, disinterested and intellectually agile, can assume by turns the perspectives of different characters involved in a common situation and can successively grasp their quite different but all relatively valid apprehensions of the world.

Hawthorne uses three kinds of characterization (often in combination in one of his characters):

persons—individual human beings (humanity individuated);
types—representatives of categories of humanity (humanity classified);
symbols—simplified and intensified embodiments of distinct human traits or complexes of traits (humanity analysed).

Personal and typical characters are usual in novels, but symbolic characters are uncommon and not so readily understood. Hawthorne's symbolic characters are somewhat like the characters of a medieval morality play, each being not primarily a complex, unique, and "real" person, but an embodiment of a possible human trait. In order, however, to make his characters less general, flat, and pallid than the characters of a morality, he endows them with enough distinctness and accidentality to make them appear possible and actual human beings, although many of his characters—for example, Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter* and Donatello in *The Marble Faun*—seem diagrams rather than characterizations.

His settings (not to be examined in detail in this study) support the effect of his characterizations; they are: local and solid enough to seem actual; possessed of natural features which can be used as symbols to reinforce the implications of the narrative; and plastically handled —to project the states of mind of characters who view them subjectively, and to give intimations of other powers working behind and through them; they are not impermeable objects whose whole reality is in their visible and stable momentary appearance, but are like Melville's "paper masks."

Hawthorne's techniques of handling character and setting were apparently developed by synthesis of elements from seventeenth-century allegory, Coleridgean theories of the romantic imagination, Gothic romance, and the strain of narrative realism which has imparted to the modern novel its definitive tendencies (Scott's influence on Hawthorne has, however, been exaggerated). But this is a vast subject and not strictly relevant to the present study.

II

Donatello, "the very Faun of Praxiteles," is an almost completely symbolic character. He symbolizes the Natural Man. He is "in a high and beautiful sense an animal," and enjoys "the warm, sensuous, earthy side of nature . . . as mankind did in its innocent childhood." Thus "linked . . . with what we call the inferior tribes of being," he conversed with birds and animals (as did Milton's Adam and Eve, and Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter*), "who dreaded him no more in his buoyant life than if a mound of soil and grass had long since covered his dead body, converting it back to the sympathies from which human existence had estranged it"—a hint that even the sentient life of animals is a step away from the vital centre of natural existence. Though infra-human, the Faun's character was yet "the more perfect within itself." "He made no impression of maimed or stinted nature."

The Faun communicated with his world and participated in its life almost solely through his instincts. He expressed his reality best in movement—gestures, the animated play of limbs and features, and, most of all, dancing, the spontaneous utterance of his whole sensibility in joyous action. "Little caprioles in the air are characteristic of his natural gait." More intellectual modes of awareness and expression he practised imperfectly: his speech "doubtless was the language of the natural man, though laid aside and forgotten by other men, now that words have been feebly substituted in the place of signs and symbols."

The world as it exists to the apprehension of Donatello, the Natural Man, is a Garden. Monte Beni, his ancestral home, is a Paradisal Hill. The Paradisal aspects of even the artificial Borghese gardens become distinct and vivid when he enters them, and the ruins of man's operations upon nature there are seen to be superficial and temporary obscurations of the underlying reality.

The Faun significantly lacks some traits regarded by civilized men as essential to "human nature." His inability to intellectualize his world made him seem a "simpleton," with "hardly a man's share of wit." He had no conception of time, of the distinction between now and not now. He could hardly "send his mind back into the past," and "it perplexed him even more to think of the future than to remember the past." That is, he was so engrossed in the reality of the moment that the reality of time past was difficult to recall and the reality of time to come was unimaginable.

His inability to distinguish between immediate reality and remote possibility, either past or to come, made him not only unconscious of time but also unconscious of self. He had no idea of his individual

reality which had a definite character in his own contemplation and duration in time. He had no idea, either, of an order of things distinct from himself which existed independently of his existence. The transition from nature and instinct to mind and thought is an emergence, an alienation, a sophistication which he had not learned; so he did not habitually distinguish the immediate realities of *Now* and *I* from the distant ones of *Then* and *Other*.

Lacking conceptions of a temporarily distinct self and of an enduring order of things distinct from self, he lived a life spontaneous and simple, not calculated and complex. His motives were sympathy and antipathy, not purpose and endeavour. He acted according to the attractions and repulsions of the immediate objects of his consciousness, and poured his whole being into the pulsations of each instant.

This simple but full sensuousness of his life made him ageless, by exempting him from considerations of his personal history and destiny, of what had been and will be. "It is equivalent to being immortal on earth." Besides this personal agelessness resulting from his unconsciousness of time, he exhibited the agelessness of the human species, through the immemorial persistence in him of the essential Monte Beni character "from a period beyond memory or record." This striking persistence of human type is emphasized not only in its reincarnation in widely separated generations of his ancient family, but also in the striking resemblance of Donatello to the antique Faun of Praxiteles, which suggests that the sculptor's conception "may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence."

Another defect of the Faun, from the point of view of sophisticated mankind, is his amorality. Making no distinction between self and not-self, now and then, he necessarily had "no conscience, no remorse, no troublesome recollections of any sort, no dark future either." Recognizing his utter incomprehension of the abstractions by which sophisticated persons try to direct their lives consistently (or at least intelligibly), his friends "habitually and instinctively allowed for him, as for a child or some other lawless thing, exacting no strict obedience to conventional rules."

Although the Faun could not be moral, he was spontaneously honest. Instead of moral responsibility, he had candour. "The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity." Every moment of his existence was an unreserved self-revelation, and therefore truth; but he could not have the kind of moral virtue which consists in making one's life conform by self-control to an idea. He was incapable of reflection, premeditation,

intention, or will in any meaningful degree, and no more controlled his own conduct by conscious purpose than does the leaf falling from the bough or the pollen alighting on the pistil of a flower. This prelapsarian, subrational innocence is quite different from the innocence usually attributed by Hawthorne to his characters before their initiation into sin—although little Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter* has a similar innocence. His earlier innocents were usually persons who, before their individual ventures in sin, shared the tainted nature of all Adam's children, and whose sins were therefore inevitable acts of self-realization.

To judge rightly the character of Donatello, one must regard him as a presentment of one element of human nature, not as an attempt at realistic delineation of a human individual. He is the simple embodiment of an element of human reality which Hawthorne recognized in all men, although sophisticated and modified out of recognition in many. Hawthorne made his Faun as much an idealization as he took Praxiteles' Faun to be, and he succeeds in his own terms. Henry James's misguided criticism, that "it is a pity that the author should not have made him more definitely modern, without reverting so much to his mythological properties and antecedents, . . . which belong to the region of picturesque conceits, much more than to that of real psychology," offers a canon of judgment utterly inapplicable. Hawthorne was not interested, as James was, in individual psychology and psychological particulars especially, but in the general and typical psychological and moral patterns which seemed to him to be fundamental and recurrent in human experience.

III

Just as the Faun is a symbol of man's instinctive presence in nature, so is the Spectre of the Catacomb (Miriam's model) a symbol of man's intellectual beguilement into a world of abstractive thought. Instead of joyous participation in the instant life of nature, his existence is a gloomy isolation in an introspective egoism, his consciousness peopled by phantoms from the remembered past. The Faun and the Spectre are at opposite extremes in the range of human sophistication. In Hawthorne's figure of the human heart "allegorized as a cavern; at the entrance . . . sunshine and flowers. . . . Within, . . . a terrible gloom, and monsters," which occurs in an early entry in his notebooks, these expressionistic characters are prefigured. The Faun is human nature among the sunshine and flowers at the entrance to this unexplored cavern of the heart; the Spectre is a monster which haunts the terrible

gloom within. The Faun expresses man's delight in a vivid present which insistently solicits the senses; the Spectre, man's sorrow over a shadowy past which irrepressibly haunts the mind. The world as it exists to the apprehension of the Spectre is a Tomb. He is one "to whom midnight would be more congenial than noonday." He is associated with darkness, as the Faun is with sunshine.

The Spectre distinguishes his reality through the faculty of memory; the past determines the character of the present and future for him, so that his characteristic activity is following someone. His relentless pursuit of Miriam typifies what Hawthorne described in "M. du Miroir" as "the hopeless race that men sometimes run with memory, or their own hearts, or their moral selves." Memory perpetuates every evil and error enacted in life, and extends their operation through time to come. Ugliness which in the natural course of events would be purged from the system of things is carried along by personal memory as the determining principle in emergent actuality. The Spectre would "gratify his fiendish malignity . . . by perhaps bringing some old pestilence or other forgotten and long-buried evil on society; or, possibly, teaching the modern world some decayed and dusty kind of crime which the antique Romans knew; and then would hasten back to the catacomb."

The concepts of memory and time combine to give an individual self-consciousness and age—for age is the appreciable duration in time of an individual thing. The Faun, as we have remarked, was ageless because he lacked the conception of the continuation of his distinct identity through a past, a present, and a future. The Spectre, in contrast, was aged. The Faun's life was a perpetual renovation of humanity, but the Spectre's exemplifies the persistence of the ego. Instead of submitting himself to being converted "back to the sympathies from which human existence had estranged" him, and rising again to sentience as a fresh manifestation of vital reality, he has resisted death and thereby paradoxically resisted life and prolonged his mortality. He pursued other human beings in order to "beguile new victims into his own misery"—that is, to withdraw them from life (which includes death) and nature into his dismal condition of self-love and sterile introspection. This is one of Hawthorne's many treatments of the Wandering Jew legend which had struck his fancy indelibly.

IV

Hilda as a character is both a symbol and a type, in the senses in which these modes of characterization were defined earlier in this essay.

She is a symbol of Puritanism and a type of the naïve nineteenth-century American. Also, less important, she typifies Victorian womanhood.

Her world is the Tower, which symbolizes a state of heavenward aspiration. Although Hawthorne remarked in speaking of Donatello that everyone either "ascends to truth or delves down to reality," Hilda's tower was the emblem of a spiritual exaltation to which she had never had to ascend, and she was incapable of delving down to reality. Her spirit had never had to "struggle through the encrustation of the senses" as the Faun's did before he attained the summit of *his* ancient tower. "Hilda does not dwell in our moral atmosphere." She is "a partly ideal creature, not to be handled, nor even approached too closely"—that is, such spirituality as hers cannot stand contact with mundane realities. "Her womanhood is of the ethereal type."

In short, Hilda's moral goodness was that of a person who avoided the world, not that of one who made trial of the world and found out through experience the good and evil of his own nature. Her worship of the Virgin, which Hawthorne felt obliged to apologize for as a suspiciously Catholic practice, merely symbolized her devotion to an immaculate holiness. Her shrine, her white doves, and her white garment all betoken her spotlessness. The shrine was "at a height above the ordinary level of man's views and aspirations." As one ascended her tower, the street cries "grew faint and died away; as the turmoil of the world will always die, if we set our faces to climb heavenward."

But most persons must live in the turmoil of the world and find their reality there. Hawthorne in fact thought it desirable that they should do so. He called himself "a man whose definition of happiness it is to live throughout the whole range of his faculties and sensibilities"—a fulness of self-realization which Hilda never experienced. She represented a point of view so narrow and exclusive that it automatically condemned experienced mankind, who had delved to depths of reality which such a fugitive and cloistered virtue could not justly measure. Hilda being so self-righteous, there is irony in her telling the priest whom she compels to listen to her confession that mortal man has no authority either to censure or to forgive sinners.

Although Hilda as a "saint" was "cruel" and "merciless," her instinctive human and feminine sympathies made her capable of a compassion which her rigorous orthodoxy suppressed. Her first impulsive judgment of Beatrice Cenci, on viewing Beatrice's portrait, was that the girl there pictured was innocent of any essential stain of sin; but upon being reminded of the Calvinistic creed to which she was com-

mitted, she asserted instead the judgment appropriate to the Puritanism which was her second, and stronger than human, nature—that Beatrice's guilt was inexpiable.

In fact, we may agree with Calvinist interpreters of *The Marble Faun* that Hilda does represent Puritanism, but her character and role in the romance do not constitute the tribute to Calvinism which such interpreters suppose. For all the purity and delicacy which Hawthorne discerns in the Puritan ideal, he finds it inadequate to cope with the reality of the human situation. Although Hilda in her sketchy character as *person*, as lovely New England girl, was made perfunctorily to descend from her virgin shrine to domestic life, she could never comprehend to the full what moral struggle is—she had a morally incomplete nature, a freakish innocence incapable of stain.

As a type, Hilda stood for the naïve nineteenth-century American who ventures among older and more fully developed conditions of humanity than his own, and offers naïve and uncomprehending judgments of it, like a bud innocently disdainful of the full-blown flower of its own species.

V

Kenyon symbolizes the artistic approach to life. The world as it exists to his apprehension is a Studio.

Hawthorne held that art is the perception and exhibition of an ideal reality which the artist's insight discerns through the particulars and accidents of the concrete world. In *Our Old Home* he wrote; "Facts, as we really find them, whatever beauty they may involve, are covered with a stony excrescence of prose, resembling the crust on a beautiful sea-shell, and they never show their most delicate and divinest colors until we shall have dissolved away their grosser actualities in a powerful menstruum of thought." This is like Coleridge's romantic-idealistic dictum that "to remove the disturbing forces of accident is the business of ideal art." The creative artist penetrates to a changeless ideal nature which underlies changeable appearances. This is the perceptive aspect of art. On its creative side, art constructs durable images, or at least suggestive reminders, of those ideal things which delight persons who have insight. These images then exist independently of their makers and serve as vivid prompters to the more torpid imaginations of less gifted men. Julian Hawthone, in his memoirs, said that his father evolved the ideas for *The Marble Faun* from his musing over the meaningful mystery of the bust of the Faun and the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, works which impressed him profoundly with sug-

gestions of what he felt to be permanent elements of possibility in human nature, whose truth is attested to by manifestation of the same qualities in real persons of every generation.

Hawthorne supposed that the definitive trait of the artist was his faculty of insight, not his power of execution—for example, see "Drowne's Wooden Image" and "The Artist of the Beautiful." He remarked that the sculptor's assistants use their "merely mechanical skill" to relieve the artist of "the drudgery of actual performance." The assistants free "from its encumbering superfluities" the "figure embedded in the stone." The artist's "creative power has wrought it with a word."

The Sculptor in *The Marble Faun* is an ideal artist in this conventional romantic sense. Other persons in the romance produce various works of pseudo-art, which tend to define by contrast what the nature of the true artist is. Miriam's painting, instead of being a revelation of the ideal, is too self-expressive; she projects her own desires and anxieties on canvas, and obstructs inspiration with her own imperious passions. Hilda's art is simply another mode of her spiritual intuition and sympathy with holiness, and practically speaking is a form of devotion. She is merely an unusually gifted copyist, incapable of creative insight herself, but able to sympathize with, reproduce, and clarify the insights of true artists.

The problems of self and time which we remarked in connection with other characters are settled in a different fashion by the Artist. He is a fully sophisticated man, but, although he has realized self fully, he is able to escape from egoism by detachment. He is completely disinterested in his role of seeing into the life of things, and he reveals the qualities of his vision with as little mingling of self-consciousness as possible. It is the general recognition of the Artist's disinterestedness, his detachment, his capability of viewing things from all angles and accepting the special reality of each view, that makes other characters turn to Kenyon as a confidant.

The problem of time is likewise solved in a sophisticated way by the Artist. Grecian urns, golden nightingales, and marble fauns exist outside of time. The test of any art's significance is the continued existence, under whatever change of guise, of the things it reveals and defines for men. Thus, the observation of the same character in Donatello and the bust of the Faun animates the whole gallery: "The realization of the antique Faun, in the person of Donatello, gave a more vivid character to all these marble ghosts. Why should not each statue grow warm with life!" For the persons sharing such an experience, so long as they were caught up in it time had ceased to be; they experienced an illusion that the "long Past" was living in "the narrow foothold of the Present."

Kenyon was made a sculptor because Hawthorne regarded sculpture as art *par excellence*, in its ideality, its apparently heightened detachment, its greater resistance to the ravages of time than other forms of art. Although Kenyon had done some portrait busts, he took little pride in them, for they were attempts to give enduring visibility to temporal things, rather than to give temporal visibility to enduring things. Hawthorne dismissed such productions as "concretions and petrifactions of a vain self-estimate." But, as Miriam said of Kenyon's ideal figures, they "turn feverish men into cool, quiet marble." This coolness and quietness of marble, its not lending itself so well to the rendering of particulars which painting achieves, makes it the medium most suggestive of artistic detachment. The material he works in makes the sculptor's art so enduring that it is suitable to express ideal things. As Kenyon says, "Sculpture, and the delight which men naturally take in it, appear to me a proof that it is good to work with all time before our view."

These attributes of Kenyon, the Artist, make him a pre-Jamesian example of the "register"—a character who has the simple but rare gift of seeing things as they are. The register sees things disinterestedly; the artist reveals them to others; and the confidant furnishes occasion for explication of the thoughts and motives of other characters.

VI

Miriam is the most ambiguous and at the same time the most necessary and significant character in *The Marble Faun*. Although "nobody knew anything about Miriam," her mystery was not an effect of vagueness but of richness. Her general character is one of complex variability. Her comment on the jointed figure in her studio is a significant self-description: "It is a lady of exceedingly pliable disposition; now a heroine of romance, and now a rustic maid; yet all for show; being created, indeed, on purpose to wear rich shawls and other garments in a becoming fashion. This is the true end of her being, although she pretends to assume the most varied duties and perform many parts in life." Various conjectures supposed Miriam to be the heiress of a rich Jew, a German princess, the partly negroid daughter of a wealthy American planter, and an English nobleman's lady. In the course of the narrative she appeared in numerous guises and disguises: as an artist, a woodland nymph, the thrall of a "nameless vagrant" who dragged her whither he would "fettered and shackled more cruelly than any captive queen of yore following in an emperor's triumph," a village girl, and a female penitent. She resembled the portraits of Cleopatra and Beatrice Cenci, and, even more strikingly, certain vengeful Old Testament heroines whom she sketched, expressing in her

representations an elusive suggestion of her own character. Thus she is identified with many characters of womanhood in different epochs of history.

Near the end of *The Marble Faun* Kenyon met her, resplendent in attire and equipage, driving through the wintry Roman dusk. He had seen her playing many parts but had never learned her true identity, and now, he thought, "after a mask in which love and death had performed their several parts, she had resumed her proper character." But she herself was more in doubt about what constituted her proper character. "My reality! What is it?" she asked herself. She was as much an enigma to herself as a mystery to others. The traits repeatedly emphasized in her are passion, intelligence, and worldly experience. Although she was bewildered by the multiplicity of her own phases, they are all equally her real nature, for she is not an individual at all but a symbol of intelligent, passionate human nature that has experienced vicissitude and still vehemently pursues the hope of a happy personal life.

Miriam is the key figure of the romance. She is more human than any of the others, not because she is individualized or "realistic," but because she combines so many elements of human reality. In a sense, the other characters are all expressionistic embodiments of different parts of her broad humanity. It is their common association with her that brings the other characters into a pattern of relationship in the romance. Each one communicates with her on that level of her reality which his more specialized kind of awareness makes real for him. Or, to express the connection in another way, she finds part of herself in each one, but all of herself in none of her companions. In fact, the elements of Miriam's reality are inconsistent with each other and therefore incapable of full simultaneous realization. She sought detachment in the studio, but her painting was more a projection of her personal wishes and recollections than an artist's detached imaging of ideal things. She attracted the Spectre from the tomb—that is, she was overwhelmed by a recurrent and irrepressible conviction that her existence was fatally corrupted and dominated by a sinful past. She reverted briefly to nature, dancing with the Faun in the Garden, but such reversion to innocence could never be complete or long-enduring for an experienced person, and the Spectre invariably intruded and assumed ascendancy over her in spite of the Faun. She visited the saint in her tower, but passionately exclaimed that the saint was withdrawn from human realities. Her most impressive and real appearance was that of a worldly woman in the streets of Rome, which is itself Hawthorne's symbol of humanity in its completest stage of realization, with nature,

art, saintliness, sin, and personal vanity and ambition all most fully realized.

Miriam also appears to stand for Catholicism. Just as Hilda stands for the American present of the nineteenth century, in which Calvinism still seemed a desirable if not adequate accommodation of man's moral nature to his worldly situation, Miriam stands for the more sophisticated reality of Europe, older, more self-conscious—humanity full-blown rather than in the bud—for which Catholicism was a more adequate morality because it acknowledged and accommodated itself to good and evil, growth and decay, squalor and beauty, egotism and devotion, as operable within the Providential scheme. The hints about Miriam's Jewish origin, the traits of age expressed in her visage of youth, her assumption of the garbs and guises appropriate to different local and temporal sets of circumstances, her frequent ostentations and as frequent humilities, all symbolize the ancient, experienced humanity of Catholicism.

VII

The action of the romance is designed to exhibit the characters which I have distinguished. Through their association with Miriam, all the other characters enact their roles. That is, we see what happens when worldly experience enters the lives of nature and instinct, of egotism and the conviction of sin, of innocence and Puritan orthodoxy, and of art. The natural man becomes a moral man through experience. The conviction of sin haunts experience like a shadow. The Spectre is never really destroyed or suppressed—in fact, he enters into the consciousness of the Faun and continues his existence there, giving the Faun that duality which makes him moral. The saint rejects experience. The artist views it as objectively as possible.

The roles of Hilda and Kenyon in *The Marble Faun* are largely spectatorial. It is necessary to distinguish sharply between what a Hawthorne character is as a symbol and what he does as an actor. Hawthorne's characters symbolize far more than they enact. As symbols of the modes of viewing reality of sainthood and art, respectively, Hilda and Kenyon represent more than they act out significantly. They look on and comment upon the actions of others. They suggest no such interesting uncertainties as the anomalous infra-humanity of the Faun, the "dusky, death-scented" preternaturalness of the Spectre, or the complex variability of Miriam, to add a larger dimension to their symbolic roles. They complete Hawthorne's diagram of possible modes of viewing the world of experience. Also, they exhibit two possible American points of view toward European realities, the absolute and

the relative. Hilda judges from the standpoint of a rigorous absolutism, which measures human conduct simply and severely according to definite, inflexible standards. Kenyon has a more sceptical tendency; he observes the complicated play of human thought and passion, with its apparent elements of free will perplexed by fatality, and questions whether any hard and fast criterion can be reliable which sunders right from wrong as sharply as a cold-steel blade. The relativism which Kenyon employs is a more unmistakable element of the thought of *The Marble Faun* than of Hawthorne's earlier work because it was written from his fresh first experience of a Catholic, non-Anglo-Saxon culture.

At the close of the romance Hilda and Kenyon are what they were at the beginning. Hilda has seen the whole masque enacted, but has not set aside her prepossessions enough to comprehend it. Kenyon has comprehended it, but his marriage to Hilda signifies a deliberate commitment to the New England point of view which was his birthright, but from which his artistic detachment had hitherto enabled him to stand apart. Hilda is America and Miriam Europe, and Kenyon is like Hawthorne a voyager from an innocent and severe America to a sinful and sophisticated Europe which still somehow preserves its essential goodness. Although the traveller rather dubiously clings to the simple, familiar verities of his New England, he is reluctant to judge ancient, sophisticated Europe by his alien and provincial standards. Perhaps Kenyon's betrothal to Hilda was a consciously symbolic action for Hawthorne himself.

VIII

The Marble Faun is Hawthorne's most imperfect romance because it is his most profound attempt to grapple with the central obsession of his life—the warfare between self and a transcendent good. Hawthorne had no urge to philosophize—that is, to abstract, define, and systematize the diverse phenomena of experience into some sort of rational order which the mind might rest upon as having a faithful correspondence to reality. But he had one trait of the philosopher, which might be called an expanding consciousness: he never touched the limits of his reality, and although he had no urge to think his way through infinity, he had an urge to feel his way through it. His temperament was that of the artist, seeking to represent life in striking similitudes addressed more to men's pulses than to their intellects. His literary techniques admirably served his constant literary purpose—vivid exhibition of the moral struggle of mankind.

Considered as a whole, Hawthorne's ethical fictions show a large consistency of development. Beginning with the most immediate data

of consciousness, he gradually extended his consideration of the problem of evil to the largest observable patterns of life, and finally pushed his speculations beyond even these limits.

In the introspective tales written in the secluded early years of his career, occur his most subtle psychological analyses of evil as it presents itself to the individual consciousness, both in contemplation and in act which reveals to the agent what the proclivities of his own nature are.

Hawthorne's work as a civil servant, his Brook Farm experience, and his marriage and parenthood led him to consider the problem of evil in less subjective and individualistic terms. Observation rather than introspection furnished the data for his three American romances: *The Scarlet Letter, The House of the Seven Gables,* and *The Blithedale Romance.* The aspects of sin which engaged his attention in *The Scarlet Letter* are the tragedy of man's mixed nature, which leaves his moral fate in doubt throughout his earthly pilgrimage, and the pathos of the intermingling of human lives, which exposes the innocent as well as the guilty to the consequences of sin. *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Blithedale Romance* show the further enlargement of his view of the problem of evil. Going beyond his view of sin in individual consciousness and in intimate personal relationships, in *The House of the Seven Gables* he considered how the evil of particular persons, places, and times may perpetuate itself by being embodied in the patterns of society and tradition transmitted from generation to generation. *The Blithedale Romance* complements this exhibition of the transmitted evil in tradition by pointing out that venerated human traditions are the product of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and are likely to contain man's good as well as his evil. The present should criticize the past and attempt to improve it, but should not repudiate it and wantonly destroy its immemorial and valuable arrangements.

The fruit of Hawthorne's half-dozen years of European residence, *The Marble Faun,* shows his increasing awareness of the fact that probably no actual system of society ever embodies anything but relative moral values. The substance of *The Marble Faun* is neither introspection nor detached observation, but the unhopeful speculation of a mind which had found evil in the heart of man, in the associations of men, and in the generations and nations of mankind. A scene in *The Marble Faun* shows Miriam, the Faun, and the Spectre as black shadows thrown by the moon on the sparkling waters of the Fountain of Trevi—and this is Hawthorne's final simile of human life. This is a world, he said, in which the desires of the heart "must feed on shadows." The masque of love and death in which his characters play

their parts "begins in mystery and ends in mist," as a friendly critic complained, because it was Hawthorne's purpose to suggest that a shadow-play of antithetic influences is perpetually repeated in the history of the generations of men, and he will not localize and temporize his story to the point of obscuring this principle of recurrence.

The motif of life as a never ending dance of sinister and mirthful figures is reiterated in the visible properties which surround the characters in his story: the procession of life represented on vases and sarcophagi, friezes and murals, in the grotesqueries of the Carnival, in funeral ceremonies and the ritual practices of monks and penitents, in the daily bustle of Roman streets, and the festivity and frolic of country life. Individual characters show the same variability: "Faces change so much from hour to hour, that the same set of features has often no keeping with itself." Miriam, recognizing her spectral persecutor in the dead Capuchin, reflected that the phenomenon "resembled one of those unaccountable changes and interminglings of identity, which so often occur among the personages of a dream."

In *The Marble Faun*, picturing a world in which the only intelligible and constant principle was the recurrence of identical patterns, Hawthorne defined the conclusion which he had groped for throughout his literary career—that the personal ego was the villain of the cosmic tragedy. The will of the part to resist the whole is bodied forth in all his early writing, and the counsel to submit is plainly written in *The Marble Faun*. The egoistic will confines man to the limitations of time, which puts death as a terminus to all he prizes, but the moment he is resigned to annihilation of ego he is ready to be resumed into the large eternal processes of life. Time stands between a momentless present and eternity, and attempts to perpetuate a succession of days. The personal self stands between unconscious participation in the life of nature and the resumption of all separate things into the universal process, and attempts to maintain its fleeting identity. The will stands between the instincts which prompt the impulses of each instant and the cosmic laws which compel all things through all eternity, and attempts to resist and coerce them both. All insufficiency, defeat, and pain come from the resistance of the part to the whole, and the anguish of the sufferer can be assuaged only by his yielding.

Struck by the presence of evil in all human conditions and systems, and by the sufficient appropriateness of all systems to their own apparent circumstances, Hawthorne tried in *The Marble Faun* to disengage the problem of evil from the matrix of any particular culture and to view it under the aspect of eternity. In pondering ways to reduce evil to a fact tolerable to moral consciousness, he considered and re-

jected four solutions: the substitution of art for reality, the abandonment of ethics for a life of frank naturalism, the acceptance of evil as a fatality which made man an irresponsible victim, and the Puritan repudiation of evil and evil-doers as essentially outside the system of moral reality and therefore merely aborted, factitious, or phantasmal appearances. Perceiving the inadequacy of each of these attitudes, he rested at last in the stoic view that contemplative detachment from the world's vicissitudes is the nearest approach man can make to a moral vision of life.

LEONARDO, THE MAN AND THE WRITER

EMILIO GOGGIO

LEONARDO da Vinci, the five-hundredth anniversary of whose birth has recently been celebrated, was one of the most learned and versatile men that ever lived. Indeed, there is hardly a branch of knowledge which he did not seriously pursue and hardly a human attainment in which he did not excel. He was a supreme painter, an accomplished sculptor, architect, and musician, an eminent mathematician, physicist, geologist, anatomist, engineer, botanist, astronomer, and geographer, a profound critic and philosopher, and a distinguished author. He led the way in the method of investigating problems connected with the laws of gravitation, the earth's rotation, the circulation of the blood, the undulatory theory of light and heat, the motion of waves, the classification of plants, navigation and canalization, the construction of fortifications, pontoons, bridges, locks, scaling ladders, cannons, and mortars. He conceived the aeroplane and submarine, and he invented, among other things, the camera obscura, the wheelbarrow, paddle wheels, a stone saw, and a rope-making machine.

The character and personal appearance of this highly gifted man were no less remarkable than his intellectual qualities. The records show that he possessed exceptional physical strength, beauty, grace, and charm. He was kind, honest, generous, loyal to his friends, intolerant of envy and calumny, magnanimous towards his enemies, and grateful to his benefactors.

In the art of conversation he was a master and he greatly enjoyed discussions of a critical nature which stimulate and enrich the minds of the participants. At the same time, however, he appreciated the need and the advantages of solitude for concentration and meditation. "Se tu sarai solo, sarai tutto tuo," he observed. "If you are alone, you belong entirely to yourself. If you are accompanied even by one companion, you belong only half to yourself or even less in proportion to the thoughtfulness of his conduct."

As may be gathered from his little accounts for house-keeping which are scattered in his *Notebooks,* Leonardo was a man of very moderate means and simple habits. He was well satisfied with the little he had and never complained about poverty. "Please hold me not in scorn," he once wrote to a friend. "I am not poor. Poor is the man who desires many things. Call not that riches which may be lost. Virtue is our true wealth and the true reward of its possessor." Gold or money, in Leonardo's opinion, is the cause of all the perils and tribulations that

afflict the human race. It brings about an endless number of crimes; it prompts and incites wretched men to assassinate, to steal, and to enslave; it makes men torment each other with many kinds of subterfuges, deceits, and treacheries; and it takes away life itself from many.

Like St. Francis of Assisi Leonardo loved every creature in the universe and sympathized with the fate of animals which are the innocent victims of man's cruelty and oppression. It was doubtless his deep sense of justice and liberty which prompted him to buy caged birds from vendors on the streets in order to set them free.

Though Leonardo lived at the courts of Lodovico Sforza, of Lorenzo de' Medici, and of Cesare Borgia, he was always zealous for his independence. If he accepted their hospitality it was only because they offered him the opportunity to continue his studies and research. Never would he consent to give up his freedom; he knew that without it there can be no human happiness. The noble example of the goldfinch cited in his Notebooks which carries poison to its little ones imprisoned in a cage fills him with admiration and he cries out: "Death, rather than loss of liberty!" These words remind us of Dante, another great lover of freedom, who expressed a similar feeling in his famous lines:

Libertà ch'è sì cara
Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta

(Liberty which is so dear as he knows who for it renounces life.)

Fearful of a total enslavement of his country which might be caused by the mutual hatred and envy of the various Italian rulers, Leonardo issued a veiled warning to them not to welcome or to encourage the conquest and subjugation of their rivals by foreign powers. "The thrushes," he ironically points out, "rejoiced greatly on seeing a man catch the owl and take away her liberty by binding her feet with strong bonds. But then by means of bird-lime the owl was the cause of the thrushes losing not only their liberty, but even their life."

It may seem strange that a peace-loving man like Leonardo should at times turn his attention to perfecting instruments of warfare and to devising new engines of destruction by land and sea. But the truth is that he was a realist and had no illusions about the intentions of the ruling princes of his day. When besieged by ambitious tyrants, he declared that the means of offence and defence must be found to preserve the chief gift of nature which is liberty. Yet, even if he was willing and ready to meet force by force in order to maintain freedom, he honestly believed that war was a "bestialissima pazzia," a "most bestial frenzy," and did everything he could to discourage it. He raised his voice against those who glorified murder, crime, and assassination and

bitterly condemned rulers who harmed the human race by war and tyranny.

In a section of his *Treatise on Painting* he describes the pictorial aspects of a battle in all their gruesome details: arrows flying in every direction; gunshot raining down on all sides; soldiers maimed and fallen on the ground, protecting themselves with their shields against the fatal blows which their foes are about to inflict; combatants with legs distorted grinding their teeth and writhing with pain; horses dragging the dead bodies of their masters through blood-stained mud; riderless steeds charging among the enemy and injuring them severely with their hoofs; some victims half buried in the dust; others whose oozing blood mingled with the dust in a flowing stream: a horrible spectacle indeed which is enough to strike terror into the hearts of men and turn them against war. But Leonardo was too good a student of human nature to expect that men would ever change their evil ways. He solemnly predicted that their insatiable greed and thirst for power, their wickedness and atrocities will finally bring about their complete ruin and extermination. "There will always be creatures upon the earth," he sadly remarks, "who will always be fighting one with another with great losses on either side; a large number of trees in our immense forests will be laid level with the ground; death, affliction, labours, terrors, and banishment to every living thing will be dealt out. There shall be nothing remaining on the earth or under the earth or in the waters that shall not be pursued or molested or destroyed, and that which is in one country shall be taken away to another; and their own bodies shall be made the tomb and the means of transit of all the living bodies which they have slain."

As a great admirer of beauty Leonardo considered the human body a veritable masterpiece, but, in his judgment, suitable only to persons of refinement, intelligence, and understanding. Coarse men of bad habits and little power of reason do not deserve so fine an instrument and so great a variety of mechanism, but merely a sack wherein their food is received and from whence it passes away, for in truth they have nothing in common with the human race and in all else they are below the level of beasts.

Life, too, like the body, is a most precious possession, but only those who appreciate its value are entitled to it. Its brief duration which has always been a cause of concern to most people gave Leonardo also some anxious moments. In the course of his studies he had become interested in so many fields of learning that he sometimes lost hope of ever being able to finish the thousand and one things which he had set out to accomplish. There is indeed a touch of sadness in his observation

on Time which brings on senility at an amazingly quick pace and gradually destroys everything created by the hand of man. Yet this sadness is not accompanied by regret, for Leonardo soon became reconciled to the inevitability of old age and death. So, far from being discouraged, he devoted himself to his work with ever increasing vigour and enthusiasm, endeavouring, as he said, to perform miracles.

Life is short, but it is long enough if well spent. "La vita bene spesa, lunga è." To spend one's life well, however, is not to squander these poor days of ours and suffer them to pass away in vain, but to cultivate to the utmost the intellectual faculties with which we have been endowed and to engage in useful activities which will be of benefit to our fellow men.

The road to wisdom and truth is not easy. It is strewn with difficulties, disappointments, hardships, and sacrifices. It requires courage, fortitude, and perseverance and Leonardo was quite conscious of all this. "Thou, O God, dost sell unto us all good things at the price of labour," he exclaimed. But good things are worth struggling for, and he was absolutely determined, therefore, to let nothing stand in the way of his progress and success. "Obstacles cannot bend me. Every obstacle yields to effort. He who fixes his course to a star, changes not." So should it be with all men.

Lazy individuals without ambition or ideals, ignorant of the duties and responsibilities which life carries with it, totally indifferent to what is going on about them and unwilling to contribute anything to the general improvement of society, are not alive but asleep. Their sleep is a permanent state of inactivity and unproductiveness. Hence, they are actually dead—dead to themselves and dead to the world.

But there is another kind of sleep which comes to men who have spent their days in hard and fruitful labour. Unlike the sleep of those without ideals, it brings comfort, tranquillity, and repose and does not terminate in death. For when their mental faculties finally cease to function, the fine deeds which these men have accomplished will keep them alive in the memory of men. "Sleep is an image of death," says Leonardo. "Oh, why not let your work be such that after death you become an image of immortality, as in life you become when sleeping like unto the hapless dead."

The desire for fame and glory which was so keenly felt by Leonardo was a predominant characteristic of all men of the Renaissance. In that respect, therefore, and in many others, too, he is a product of an age which was the most glorious in the history of Italy. It was a period which marked a rebirth in art, literature, and science, the awakening of the spirit of speculation, criticism, and independent thinking, the

rise and spread of the cult of beauty and of nature, and man's discovery of his unlimited powers and capabilities, through the proper exercise of which he could attain honour and greatness. Indeed, no other age could have been more propitious for the development of Leonardo's all-embracing genius.

He spent most of his life in various cities of Italy, each of which was an important centre of culture. There he came into contact with some of the most celebrated humanists, scientists, artists, scholars, and literary men such as Argyropolus, the distinguished Hellenist; Benedetto dell' Abbaco, the noted Florentine mathematician; Toscanelli, the famous geographer; Carlo Marmochio, the eminent astronomer; Marcantonio della Torre, a celebrated anatomist; Fra Luca Pacioli, the renowned geometrician, and many others. At the Medicean court he made the acquaintance of the members of the Platonic Academy and although he did not thoroughly agree with their philosophical concepts, he was irresistibly attracted by the grace and wit of Marsilio Ficino and the profound wisdom of Pico della Mirandola.

However, the tremendous wave of humanism which swept Italy from one end of the country to the other, had little or no effect upon him. He knew but little Latin and his knowledge of the classics, which were considered by all scholars the supreme models of literary excellence, was confined to a mere nodding acquaintance with Livy, Horace, and Ovid. The reason for this surprising lack of interest in the revival of classical culture was that in literature as well as in science he was not inclined to accept the authority of others or to follow their example, but preferred to rely upon his own resources and be guided by experience which is the true teacher.

His apathy towards the classic masters aroused the criticism of the humanists who looked down upon him as "un uomo senza lettere," an illiterate. But Leonardo vigorously attacked the short-sightedness of his detractors and bravely defended his stand on the question of originality versus imitation. "I am fully aware," he disdainfully declares, "that the fact of my not being a man of letters may cause certain arrogant persons to think that they may with reason censure me, alleging that I am a man ignorant of book-learning. Foolish folk! Do they not know that I might retort by saying, as did Marius to the Roman patricians, 'They who themselves go about adorned in the labour of others will not permit me my own.' They will say that because of my lack of book-learning, I cannot properly express what I desire to treat of. Do they not know that my subjects require for their exposition experience rather than the words of others? And since experience has been the mistress of whoever has written well, I take her as my mistress, and to her in all points make my appeal."

Contrary to the general practice of his contemporaries who scorned the vulgar tongue and used Latin instead, Leonardo wrote exclusively in his native language. But it would be wrong to say that he had a thorough appreciation of Italian authors, since he neglected them almost as much as he had the Latin writers and for precisely the same reason. He knew but slightly Dante and Petrarch, had read something of Sacchetti and Pulci, and was rather more familiar with Brunetto Latini's *Tesoro*, Cecco d' Ascoli's *Acerba*, and a popular medieval bestiary entitled *Il Fiore di Virtù*. But that was the whole extent of his knowledge of Italian literature.

In accordance with his determination to be original, he formulated his own rules of orthography and grammar, wrote a chapter on the conjugations, made long lists of words and added to them what he thought were the most accurate definitions, distinguishing also between their shades of meaning. To increase his vocabulary he compiled a lengthy series of synonyms and a comparative list of nouns and verbs and coined new words whenever he thought it necessary. Upon the completion of all this, he could proudly say: "I possess so many words in my mother tongue that I am more likely to have trouble with the right understanding of things than from lack of words with which to express my mind's conception of them."

Leonardo left us an enormous mass of manuscripts in which are to be found sketches, drawings, plans, proposals, observations, first impressions, citations, allusions, and deductions from all sorts of subjects. The notes were written from right to left, on the top of the page, at the bottom, or on the side—wherever there was room among the drawings. Now and then he would refute or modify some of his deductions in the light of more mature judgment or further investigations. When this happened he would turn to the pages where the items in question occurred and would write in the margin: "falso" (false), "non è desso" (it isn't so).

These manuscripts cover a period of some forty years of Leonardo's life from his early manhood to his old age. When he first thought of keeping a record of his observations, he had no practical end in view, but as they continued to accumulate and gradually reached huge proportions, he decided to set them in order and classify them according to their subject-matter. That task, however, proved to be too long and too arduous and he died before he had time to complete it.

In Leonardo's *Notebooks* we have a treatise on painting, another on weight, light, and the motion of waters, some fables, aphorisms, allegories, prophecies, jests, sayings, and a few letters in fragmentary form. The allegories embody moral and political convictions of the author and make important references to people and events connected

with his life. The prophecies deal with things relating to rational and irrational creatures, plants, customs, and ceremonies. They abound in humour and satire and reveal some of Leonardo's ethical and scientific concepts. The fables are based on direct observation and experience and have but little in common with Aesop's *Fables*. They are interspersed with maxims touching on life and generally end with a moral. In them all nature is brought into play: water, snow, fire, mountains, clouds, trees, as well as animals. Their main interest lies not so much in their subject-matter and their obviously symbolic meaning, but rather in their admirable presentation. Inanimate objects are endowed by the author with the same virtues and vices, the same feelings and emotions as human beings and undergo the same trials, pleasures, and disappointments.

One of the most charming in the collection of fables is that in which the protagonist, a bit of fire in a small piece of charcoal, is made to illustrate the evil consequences of pride. The state of utter misery and wretchedness in which it originally found itself, its joy and satisfaction in being saved from extinction and restored to its former vigour and strength, its boundless pride over the increasing size and splendour of its flames, its almost superhuman struggle to rise to greater and greater heights, the crushing defeat of its over-ambitious efforts, and the tragic humiliation of its proud spirit are described in a masterly fashion.

When Leonardo deals with purely scientific matters, he generally jots down cold and precise facts. On other occasions he writes passages which possess the finest lyric qualities. The contemplation of the external world stirs him to the depths and new discoveries draw from him cries of joy and exclamations of amazement which he is unable to repress.

He often soliloquizes, and at times takes the reader into his confidence by revealing his innermost feelings, his impressions, his reactions to everything that challenges his attention. A good example of this may be found in the following account of the fear and trepidation he experienced when he first looked into a dark and mysterious cave and the irresistible impulse he felt to venture into it and explore its secret recesses. "Unable to resist my eager desire, and longing to see the various and strange shapes made by formative nature, and having wandered some distance among gloomy rocks, I came to the entrance of a great cavern in front of which I stood some time, astonished and unaware of such a thing. Bending my back into an arch, I rested my left hand on my knee, and held my right hand over my downcast and contracted eyebrows, often bending first one way and then the other,

to see whether I could discover anything inside, and this being forbidden by the deep darkness within, and after having remained there some time, two contrary conditions arose in me, fear and desire—fear of the threatening dark cavern, desire to see whether there were any marvellous things within it." This passage has a definitely Dantesque ring to it and is strongly suggestive of the divine poet's first approach to

Selva selvaggia aspra e forte
Che nel pensier rinnova la paura

(The wild and rough and difficult wood which in thought renews fear).

Leonardo is at his best when he describes landscapes and bloody battles. The artist and the writer then seem to combine their finest qualities and greatest efforts. As he strives to reproduce on canvas the inner feelings and mental attitudes of his characters by means of their gestures and facial expressions, so in his descriptions he endeavours to represent particular scenes and actions in a most realistic manner by using a wealth of appropriate adjectives and minute details.

How interested he was in the art of writing may be seen by the endless number of corrections, of cancellations of words and phrases which appear in his *Notebooks* and by the various ways in which he tried to express the same idea on paper before choosing the one he deemed most suitable for the particular purpose he had in mind. He had indeed a fine command of language and wrote with marvellous precision. His words are so carefully chosen and so well arranged in the sentence that the slightest change in their order would seriously impair the clarity, force, and beauty of the thought they are intended to convey.

As Rachel Annand Taylor has so aptly pointed out, Leonardo had the song improviser's sense of the sound value of words and the undertone of emotion carried merely by accent and syllable. He breathes the soft sighing syllables of lamentation like a long phrase caught from a requiem mass. Note, for instance, the following lines:

Cosa bella mortale passa e non d'arte

(Beauty in life perishes, not in art).

Sì come una giornata ben spesa dà lieto dormire,
Così una vita bene usata, dà lieto morire

(As life well spent brings happy sleep, so life well used brings happy death). There is rhythm, there is movement in those Italian sentences. But their musical and poetic qualities are almost completely lost in English translation.

Many other examples might be cited to illustrate further the merits of Leonardo's writings, the elegance and vigour of his style and diction, his originality, his analytic power and power of expression. I believe, however, that those that have already been given are sufficient for us to conclude that Leonardo da Vinci, distinguished artist, scientist, and inventor, was also an accomplished writer who will always hold a place of prominence in the history of Italian literature as a champion of the vernacular and a master and precursor of Italian scientific prose.

THE CONFESSIONAL FICTION OF MARK RUTHERFORD

WILFRED H. STONE

ALTHOUGH Mark Rutherford has enjoyed a considerable *succès d'estime* ever since his slim novels began appearing in the 1880's, he still cannot be profitably discussed—even before an audience of literary scholars—without a word of general introduction. For in spite of the fact that he has received almost unanimous critical approval and has been persistently included in literary histories and critical studies of the Victorian period, he has never inspired a wide following nor, until lately, stimulated much scholarly research. At least once in every decade since the appearance in 1881 of his first book, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, he has been noticed by discerning critics—among them such men as William Dean Howells, W. Robertson Nicoll, H. M. Massingham, C. F. G. Masterman, D. H. Lawrence, Arnold Bennett, and André Gide. But these admirers and others have commonly regarded Mark Rutherford as something of a personal "discovery," an unknown whose writings could appeal only to those few, like themselves, sensitized by taste and experience to appreciate him. They have frequently labelled him a "neglected genius," but have tended to demonstrate by their own neglect that the adjective was appropriate. André Gide, for example, was tempted to translate the *Autobiography* into French,[1] but abandoned the idea upon deciding that Mark Rutherford's interest was "too special" for public appreciation. The consequence of such critical reception is that Mark Rutherford has been persistently and favourably "noticed," but seldom studied; he has been introduced again and again, but there has been little cumulative understanding of him. And current articles continue, for the most part, to repeat the old critical commonplaces. Consequently, the common knowledge of him is frequently limited to the facts that his real name was William Hale White and that he wrote gloomy, introspective novels about middle-class, provincial, Victorian Dissenters.

But that very "special" quality has of late years attracted a number of scholars,[2] and it seems fair to assume that as Victorian studies tend

[1]The task is currently being undertaken by M. Pierre Leyris of Paris.

[2]The following are some of the recent theses: Ursula Clare Buchmann, "William Hale White (Mark Rutherford): The Problem of Self-Adjustment in a World of Changing Values," University of Zürich, 1950; Hans Klinke, "William Hale White: Versüch einer Biographie," Griefswald University, 1930; Erick Sillèn, "Rutherford and the Conflict of Ideas in England after 1860," University of Uppsala, 1947; Henry A. Smith, "The Life and Thought of William Hale White," University of Birmingham, 1938; Alan John Warner, "Mark Rutherford, a Victorian Pilgrim," University of Witwatersrand, 1949; John E. T. Wright, "William Hale White (Mark Rutherford)," University of Pittsburgh, 1932.

less and less to wear the aspect of a disguised rebellion against life with father, Hale White will increasingly be read with understanding and interest. For he offers in his life and work a highly representative and almost unique microcosm of the conflicts and spiritual turmoil of the middle and later years of the nineteenth century. The critic who judges a novelist solely on his technique is likely to find Hale White's novels and short stories disappointing, for, in spite of a brilliantly disciplined prose style, his plots are often mechanical and contrived and his dramatic inventions are thin and clumsily literal. But his achievement cannot be significantly judged on such grounds, and he confessed—as he confessed nearly all his frustrations—that he was no master-craftsman. "I could supply conversation and description, but it was very difficult to invent a plot, and still more difficult to invent one which of itself would speak."[3] This difficulty was only one phase of his life-long difficulty in adjusting a tortured and melancholy personality to the demands of existence; and the distortions in the form of his fiction are, in a very real sense, the embodiment of his inner travail. A curiously proud and ingrown man, Hale White was throughout his life perversely contemptuous of what he most desired, and in his attempts to be an artist he evidenced this same scorn. In his books and letters he repeatedly renounced all claims to be a literary artist, scorned the literary market-place, entertained a rooted dislike of "literary men," and even felt that writing stories was "somewhat of a degradation." We cannot, therefore, discuss his novels primarily as "works of art," for art was only an incidental product of the motives prompting them. He was mainly interested in self-confession, and he chose fictional form for this mainly because he needed a disguise. His work has meaning, therefore, not to the "contextualist" critic, but to those scholars and critics who, like the Victorians themselves, are somewhat baffled by the "multitudinousness" of that complex age and can welcome the clarification of its spiritual history offered by the intensely personal record of a deeply sensitive and intelligent man. His personal record is not, of course, the whole history, but it is one drawn from the very heart of a highly representative group, the Nonconformist middle class, a group not large in terms of literary productivity, but extraordinarily large in terms of political, social, and economic influence. Hale White is almost their one adequate voice.

The writings and personal life of Hale White cannot be considered separately, for nearly everything he wrote was part of an intimate and prolonged self-confession. But the self-revelations in his fiction and journals are not completely understandable without a commentary,

[3]Mark Rutherford, *More Pages from a Journal* (Oxford, 1910), 138.

for Hale White is a much more explicit recorder of his spiritual history and emotional torment than he is of the external facts which influenced that history. The reader of the *Autobiography* or the *Deliverance* is immediately prompted to ask how much of this history is true and how much is fictionalized, for an instinct tells him that the agony, at least, is not invented. What were the objective realities behind all this psychological suffering?

I

The facts of his life are at first disarming. Hale White never suffered seriously from material want; his father was a Bedford bookseller and a leader in public affairs and, though he was for a time deeply in debt, his family knew only the barest fringes of poverty and knew them for only a brief period. Hale White himself managed to maintain a solidly respectable middle-class income and position throughout his life. In the *Autobiography* and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* we get vivid pictures of the demoralizing effects of unemployment and the pain of having a "Damn your eyes" be the response to an application for work; but the facts seem to be that Hale White was out of work for only a few months in 1852 and that he spent much of this time vacationing with friends near the Isle of Wight. He was employed for most of his active life at the Admiralty and rose, just two years before his books began to appear, to the important position of Assistant Director of Contracts. In this position he never earned less than £300 and, after his promotion in 1879, considerably more. Nor can his spiritual maladies be attributed to that common Victorian source of trouble, hostility toward his father; William White senior was both a kind and indulgent parent and a helpful, understanding friend. In fact, Hale White's outer life followed, in its main outlines, that of a comfortable, well-adjusted, successful middle-class Victorian. He was loved and respected by his own children; his work as a civil servant was given recognition and reward; he had the continual support and affection of his father; he was never without close friends; he had the leisure and means to take frequent trips to the Continent and holidays in England; he was throughout his life physically robust. What, then, was the matter? How can we explain the furious malignancy of his spiritual maladies?

The answer can be found, mainly, in two facts of his personal life, one of which is clearly advertised in his personal record, the other of which is expressed only obliquely in fictional disguise. The first of these facts is his expulsion for heresy from New College, London, where he had gone in 1851 to study for the ministry; the second is

the experience of his first marriage. These two experiences cannot, of course, provide all the illumination we shall need, but they occupy such polar positions in his life that without an awareness of them Hale White's confessions can never be properly understood. They were both forms of exile: the one an exile from a community of belief and a confident relationship with the God of his Fathers; the other an exile from supreme satisfaction in a human relationship.

Before he removed to London to begin his studies, Hale White had spent his entire life in Bedford, where he was born in 1831 and where he had been nurtured in the Calvinistic Dissenting community centred around Bunyan Meeting. Bedford and Bunyan Meeting were facts of fateful importance in his history. For not only was Bedford as unadulterated a stronghold of Puritanism as was to be found in mid-Victorian England, but Bunyan Meeting, which had been founded by John Bunyan himself, was the nucleus of that strength. Yet the spiritual condition of that church in the 1840's—the years of Hale White's adolescence—had been weakened in subtle ways, and both the awareness of its decay and the memory of its old strength and vitality served significantly to condition Hale White's personality and religious attitudes. His real faith, like that of his father, was rooted in a church which no longer existed: in the fighting Puritanism of the seventeenth century; in the heroic affirmation of a Bunyan or Milton or Cromwell. And this early longing for past excellence was to plant in him a spiritual malaise which he felt throughout his adult life: it made him, on the one hand, an incurable romanticist, looking always to a past Golden Age of religious faith and idealizing it; it led him, on the other hand, to be a severe critic and satirist of what he saw before his eyes and had to live with. But to understand this aspect of the contest between the real and the ideal in his life, we need to see more closely the nature of the corruption that had touched Bunyan Meeting.

The Evangelical Revival which had swept England in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries had turned the attention, even of staunch Nonconformists such as those represented at Bunyan Meeting, away from theology to emotional fundamentalism. The Dissenters still used the right words, but something of the old insistence had, by barely perceptible degrees, passed out of them. There had been no official repudiation of the doctrines of election and a limited atonement, but the idea that all men could repent and be saved through Christ had been so widely advertised by the Evangelicals and so little openly opposed by the Nonconformists that, by the 1840's, many church members weren't sure exactly what they did believe. Dissenting preachers, writes R. W. Dale, "might be assured that,

according to the eternal counsels of God, Christ died only for the elect; but they preached as if they thought that He died for every man in the congregation. . . ."[4] And few preachers did much to clear up the confusion, for by the 1840's it was no longer simply a theological problem. It was also an economic problem. Throughout the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century, the Dissenters as a class had grown increasingly wealthy, and as their material well-being improved many of them tended to remove themselves and their earthly treasures to the Church of England; attendance at "chapel" instead of "meeting house" advertised a significant step up the social ladder.[5] To keep the sheep from straying, Nonconformist preachers tended to shun embarrassing points of theology lest they alienate wealthy members of the congregation; and, to rationalize their behaviour, they tended around the mid-century to refer to their creed as a "moderate Calvinism." This term, and the habits of theological compromise which it suggested, came to be seen by Hale White and his father as the epitaph of historic Puritanism and of an age of faith. Many years later Hale White described the creed of Bunyan Meeting in these terms:

> They were taught what was called a "moderate Calvinism," a phrase not easy to understand. If it had any meaning, it was that predestination, election, and reprobation, were unquestionably true, but they were dogmas about which it was not prudent to say much, for some of the congregation were a little Arminian, and St. James could not be totally neglected. The worst of St. James was that when a sermon was preached from his Epistle, there was always a danger lest somebody in the congregation would think it was against him it was levelled. There was no such danger, at any rate not so much, if the text was taken from the Epistle to the Romans.[6]

By 1852, both Hale White and his father, unable to accept this watered-down faith, had left the fold. William White, through his reading of Carlyle, had experienced an "expansion" of spirit which "could not possibly tolerate the limitations of orthodoxy."[7] His son was expelled for holding heretical views on the formation of the scriptural canon and the authenticity of the separate books. Actually, both of them were disaffected for the same reasons: a disgust at the cowardly, temporizing character of what had once been a heroic and vital faith; and a hunger to try their own strength in spiritual

[4]R. W. Dale, *History of English Congregationalism* (London, 1907), 587–8.
[5]In his novel *Catherine Furze*, Hale White presents a brilliantly satiric picture of this phenomenon. Mrs. Furze (modelled after Hale White's mother) is obsessed by the desire to be accepted at the "chapel." It is interesting to note that all of Hale White's own children gravitated to the Church of England.
[6]Mark Rutherford, *Early Life of Mark Rutherford* (Oxford, 1913), 16–17.
[7]*Early Life of Mark Rutherford*, 38.

exploration, substituting for a decayed dogma the aspiration and enthusiasm of romantic idealism.

Thus was Hale White, through an act curiously compounded of perverse truculence and of courageous honesty, cut off from the roots of a spiritual home which had provided a centre not only for his intellectual beliefs, but for most of his habits and emotions as well. The very moral and intellectual honesty which had been part of his Puritan inheritance had forced him into apostasy, for he could not blink the hollowness of the existing creed once he had seen it, and he was too proud to flinch from acting on that awareness. But this act of severance was to cost him dearly, for he had turned the knife against what he most wanted to love and respect. And the years following 1852, however placid on the surface, constituted one long and harrowing search for a substitute religion, a new spiritual centre. His condition became that of the amputee who still feels pain in the missing foot. He sought for anodynes and, when he found them, would reject them with a Puritanical scorn of easy palliatives. He longed for sympathy from men and women and, when he received it, would complain of his talent for alienating people. He craved a healthy adjustment to life as he found it, but his relation to present reality was nearly always infected with a memory of past injustice. Had the John Bunyan of *Grace Abounding* been suddenly deprived of a theological rationale for his inner turmoil, he could not have felt more rudderless and abandoned than Hale White frequently did in those lonely years after 1852.

No longer was his problem simply the one—always difficult enough—of following revealed truth; he was now confronted with the task of finding what truth he could believe. And Hale White had had no training in such spiritual inquiry. He brought as guides to this adventure in spiritual discovery only the moral aspects of his Puritan inheritance: a great and habitual faith in the virtue of hard and painstaking work; an almost self-destructive addiction to intellectual honesty; a deep-rooted hatred of dirt or confusion; a strong sense of moral probity and respectability in his social and domestic relations. Dominated by these habits and prejudices, he sought within and without for some assurance, some substitute system of values. He became a serious student of theology, philosophy, psychology, politics, history, astronomy, and poetry; but such knowledge could not bring him to the truth he needed, for at heart his problem was an emotional one, a "vague shapeless fear" which could be rationalized but not removed by intellectual inquiry. Yet he made progress in his search, and it is this progress which gives his books such great value as docu-

ments in the psychological history of the nineteenth century. By slow degrees he adjusted the habits and needs of the Puritan mind and character to the conditions of a secular modern world. He was a Bunyan who learned imperfectly to live within a frame of reference of his own devising.

This is the most obvious problem with which his confessions are concerned. But deeply involved in it is his relationship with his first wife, where domestic incompatibility appears as the type of that more fundamental incompatibility between himself and the world of men. Hale White was married twice; his second marriage at the age of 79 to a woman almost fifty years his junior will concern us only briefly. It was a Platonic relationship and, largely through Mrs. White's remarkable capacity for devotion and understanding, a reasonably happy one. On the surface it gave to Hale White's last years a kind of Indian summer serenity, but if one reads the record of *The Groombridge Diary*[8] carefully, the Mark Rutherford of the novels again emerges: a man embittered by a long pilgrimage who is never quite convinced that human love is an adequate substitute for the glories of the Celestial City.

But it is his first marriage, lasting from 1856 until 1891, that is of paramount importance in understanding Hale White's mind and literary work. The central issue is clearly indicated in the "Private Notes" of Sir William Hale-White, the eldest son of the author:

> He had one great sorrow, enough to overwhelm most men. It was this. Shortly after his happy marriage, my mother showed signs of disseminated sclerosis—an uncurable disease of the nervous system—which had been entirely unsuspected. Slowly she became paralysed in the legs, so that both indoors and out of doors she had to be taken about in a bath chair; next the paralysis spread to the arms so that she could not write and hardly feed herself. The disease, marching on, made her almost blind during her last few years, but it did not kill her until 1891. For thirty weary years she endured but never once complained. To all of us she was more than a saint for she awakened in us not only reverence but great love. Sometimes my father spoke to me as he wrote to my brother of what our mother's illness meant to him. Both he and she bore this thirty year long tragedy without wincing, devoted in their affection for one another. Although, after my mother became incapable of housekeeping, my father tried to do it for a while, he soon found this impossible, consequently lady housekeepers appeared. Thus, in addition to her

[8] A diary kept by Mrs. White during the years of their courtship and marriage, 1907–13. It was published by the Oxford University Press in 1924. Before her marriage she was Dorothy Vernon White, the sister-in-law of Humphrey Milford. Hale White's appreciative attention to her first novel, *Miss Mona* (1907) was the initial cause of their meeting.

suffering and his consequent unhappiness, the privacy of the home was destroyed. When he came home from his work, he and she together would have liked to be alone, but a stranger was always there. My father cannot be understood by those who are unaware of his wife's illness.[9]

This was for Hale White a "cross" to carry, and we need that very biblical language to describe his reaction to her invalidism. The son's account is objective, but he is also something of an apologist, for Hale White nearly broke under the strain of the Job-like forbearance demanded of him. His wife's illness became for him both a source of suffering and an excuse for suffering; it demanded of him all the Christian charity of which he was capable, but, as the years passed, his capacity for human love (always carefully husbanded) withered into self-pity and his sympathy into hostility. He grew to envy her serene martyrdom; he took it unto himself and called it hypochondria. And of the two, his suffering was, one suspects, the more painful to watch.

Yet it was with something like horror that he observed these developments in himself. What socially acceptable reason was there for hating her? How could one *blame* a helpless invalid for the suffering she caused in others, especially when she bore her trials with almost saintly serenity and cheerfulness? Hale White never asked these questions in quite this overt way, but indirectly he asked them again and again in his fiction. His novels and short stories became, therefore, a kind of self-devised therapy, a form of purgation, through which he attempted to resolve the bitter struggle with his affections and conscience brought on by his wife's invalidism. In his autobiographical essay, *The Early Life of Mark Rutherford*, he passes over this entire phase of his existence with the cryptic remark, "Meanwhile I had married." But if an account of the relationship is conspicuous by its absence when he is speaking directly, it assuredly is not so in his fiction.[10] There Hale White objectified and transposed his experience; there, by slightly altering the real facts, he could give vent to his bitterness and hostility; there, shielded by anonymity from public recognition, he could safely expose his exacerbated nerves and beg for pity; there he could gain honour for being ashamed of his wife. The following statement in the *Autobiography*—ostensibly about another woman—can be taken as an accurate reflection of his own feelings:

[9]Sir William Hale White, "Private Notes about W. Hale White." The typescript of the "Notes" is in the hands of Dr. Reginald Hale-White, London, England.

[10]And his fiction is an unusually close transcription of his own experience. In *The Groombridge Diary*, Mrs. White writes (p. 66): "Hale tells me now that he never *created* a character in his life, never sat down to write without having somebody before his mind's eye."

". . . my pride suffered most. I could have endured, I believe, even discord at home, if only I could have had a woman whom I could present to my friends, and whom they would admire."[11] According to reports of relatives, Hale White imposed a kind of social quarantine upon his home: few guests were ever entertained, he never spoke of his home life to his colleagues at the Admiralty, and—though his wife was a great lover of music—there is no evidence that he ever during their married life took her to a concert or allowed playing or singing in his house.[12] Mrs. White never read one of her husband's novels and never even knew that he wrote novels at all until late in her life, when she could no longer read. The reason for Hale White's secrecy is not hard to find. His fiction is full of situations where such remarks as this are appropriate and heartfelt: " 'Why did I marry that woman? I do not know. . . . The marriage was over before I knew where I was. How is the co-existence in the same person of such strange contradictions to be explained? I suppose it is weakness. . . .' "[13] His marriage came to be a standing rebuke to his own "weakness," and he exploited the experience to satisfy all his masochistic desires for martyrdom, complaining of her intellectual incompatibility, but really consumed with self-pity and resentment that his worldly trials were suburban and not cosmic in significance. He wore her malady like a personal disfigurement, and his attempts at expressing Christian charity took the perverse form of a bitter contest to outsuffer his wife. She lost, for she never entered the competition.

II

With this general knowledge of the two focal experiences supporting his inner maladies, we can understand more readily the intensity and insistence of his self-confessions. But we need first to examine more closely the impulses leading him to write. The domestic and religious aspects of his spiritual exile were of one piece; they both gave rise to feelings of guilt and loneliness, shame and hostility, pain and melancholy, which had to be purged with the same medicaments. He never lost the faith that the truth would make him free; but he was too wise a man to believe that intellectual truth alone was enough. And between 1852 and 1881, when he published the *Autobiography*, the tensions within him had reached the bursting point. He could not reason himself out of his emotional entanglements; he needed to confess to someone and, lacking a psychiatrist or priest, he substituted

[11] *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* (Oxford, 1936), 67.
[12] Reported to the author by Dr. R. Hale-White.
[13] Mark Rutherford, "The Love of Woman" in *Last Pages from a Journal* (Oxford, 1915), 98–9.

the public. It was, however, no general public whose sympathies he sought to enlist, but a small body of elect souls who had been hurt as he had been hurt and could love him for his suffering.

His purpose in writing the *Autobiography*, as confessed in a letter to George Jacob Holyoake—one of the few who knew him as an author in this early period—was to present in Mark Rutherford a "victim of the century"[14] and not a hero; and in the opening pages of this first book he excused his putting pen to paper by declaring the hope that "some few whose experience has been like mine may, by my example, be freed from that sense of solitude which they find so depressing."[15] His books were at once an appeal for love and praise, a confession of guilt, and a payment of old scores. He took pains to conceal the fact, but he longed for self-justification in the very act of self-criticism. Thus does he reply to an early admirer of the *Autobiography* who, in some unknown way discovered its authorship: "The only good that has come to me through that book is that it has revealed to me here and there the existence of one or two human beings who, to my surprise, have spoken to me out of darkness, and convinced me that, even in this epoch of disintegration and isolation, we are not solitary."[16] Though he hid behind a double cloak of anonymity, he was willing and even eager to reveal himself to a reader responding to the trials of Mark Rutherford with sympathy and understanding. Among such readers was William Dean Howells, who was one of the first to give Hale White's two earliest books favourable notice and who called the author a "genius" introducing "a new era in English fiction."[17] Under such praise Hale White could not keep hidden or silent, and he responded with the following letter:

> I am not an author by profession, but a man immersed in other work and long past middle life. I do not know how to make a book, so as to give it a beginning, a middle and an end and never should have dreamed of publishing anything if it had not struck me when I was fifty that perhaps some of my experiences were worth recording for the sake of those who were brought up as I was. Consequently I know perfectly well that those little volumes are crammed with all sorts of literary and other blunders. The only thing I can say for them is that they are true—but then what is *my* truth—and were not manufactured for money.
>
> My reasons for publishing anonymously, or rather under an assumed name, were mainly that I did not desire praise, blame or any talk in fact

[14]From an unpublished letter dated January 20, 1882; this letter is reproduced in "Private Notes."

[15]*Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, 2.

[16]Alfred Gardner, "Mark Rutherford," *British Weekly*, LIII, March 27, 1913, 746.

[17]W. D. Howells, "Editor's Study," *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, LXXII, Feb., 1886, 485.

about what I had done from anybody near me. I have felt too much and am too old to care for notoriety of any kind and wanted to be quiet. Consequently nobody who knows me ever says a word to me about the autobiography. This is what I like, but nevertheless I should be less than human did I not feel gladdened and exalted by such a criticism as that now before me from a man in your position and with such a name. Again I thank you, thank you with—to me—unaccustomed emotion; and as to such a friend I cannot wear a mask I beg to subscribe myself—

devotedly yours

W. Hale White[18]

Hale White's reaction to this praise was a confession of his need of it, and a revelation of the impulses leading him to write. He was not trying to be a novelist in any usual sense; he was seeking for spiritual fame and, lacking the Puritan's ancient confidence, seeking it on "mortal soil." The small society in which he moved knew him as an introspective, humble, morbidly shy man, but in reality—like most introverts—he lusted for the power of self-expression. But the interpreter of his personal record is again and again convinced, as in the following passage, that the only being he really wanted to talk to was God, or an earthly surrogate approximating His spiritual dimensions:

It occurs to me here to offer an explanation of a failing of which I have been accused in later years, and that is secrecy and reserve. The real truth is, that nobody more than myself could desire self-revelation; but owing to peculiar tendencies in me, and peculiarity of education, I was always prone to say things in conversation which I found produced blank silence in the majority of those who listened to me, and immediate opportunity was taken by my hearers to turn to something trivial. Hence it came to pass that only when tempted by unmistakable sympathy could I be induced to express my real self on any topic of importance. It is a curious instance of the difficulty of diagnosing (to use a doctor's word) any spiritual disease, if disease this shyness may be called. People would ordinarily set it down to self-reliance, with no healthy need of intercourse. It was nothing of the kind. It was an excess of communicativeness, an eagerness to show what was most at my heart, and to ascertain what was at the heart of those to whom I talked, which made me incapable of mere fencing and trifling, and so often caused me to retreat into myself when I found absolute absence of response.[19]

Hale White's use of the "doctor's word" in describing his "spiritual disease" suggests how far he had come from regarding it as a purely theological or religious problem. "Hypochondriacal misery," he writes in another place,[20] "is apt to take an intellectual shape. The most

[18]Unpublished letter dated February 25, 1886; the original letter is in the Houghton Library, Harvard University.

[19]*Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, 27–8.

[20]Mark Rutherford, *More Pages from a Journal*, 210.

hopeless metaphysics or theology which we encounter fastens on us, and we mistake for an unbiased conviction the form which the disease assumes." In crossing the watershed between orthodoxy and apostasy, he reveals not only a transition from a religious to a scientific way of looking at things but, also, a mutation of his theological problems into psychological ones. And this mutation, this change in vocabulary, is a shift of emphasis belonging to the age as well. Had Hale White been born fifty years earlier, the egotistic impulses which in the *Autobiography* he describes as monomania[21] would doubtless have been absorbed and satisfied by the Calvinist's confidence in election and faith in immortality; his hypochondria would have needed no human scapegoat but would have found a normal outlet in the confidence that, though sinful man must suffer, he suffers according to a divine plan and is punished, not gratuitously, but for sins; his melancholia would have been relieved by many things, but chiefly by the very fact of belonging to a community of belief sharing, in this vale of tears, a common assurance of the justness of God and the ultimate dignity of human life. Hale White's longing for that old frame of reference is often undisguised in his writing; in that ancient context health and wholeness could have been found: ". . . I hanker sometimes after the old prohibitions and penalties. Physiological penalties are too remote, and the subtler penalties—the degradation, the growth of callousness to finer pleasures, the loss of sensitiveness—are too feeble to withstand temptation when it lies in ambush like a garrotter, and has the reason stunned in a moment."[22] His act of heresy opened a Pandora's box of emotional needs and habits which had once found disciplined and enriching realization within a theological scheme but which, once separated from that scheme, could only be understood as psychological maladies and treated with secular instruments. Hale White was too honest to call his ills by inappropriate names and too honest to return to orthodoxy merely because he needed to. Instead, he turned to writing books in a desperate effort to effect, in a civilized and modern manner, his own diagnosis and therapy.

III

Hale White's first two books, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford* (1881) and *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* (1885), were frankly autobiographical and can, of his total production, most properly be called "confessional"; but once we understand the process of his confession, we can detect its recapitulation in the four novels which

[21]In the *Early Life of Mark Rutherford*, 59, he confesses that one of the evils of Calvinism was that "it concentrated my thoughts upon myself, and made me of great importance."

[22]*Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, 9.

followed: *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* (1887), *Miriam's Schooling* (1890), *Catherine Furze* (1893), and *Clara Hopgood* (1896). And to this list we must add some of his short stories and essays appearing, for the most part, in his three volumes of journals: *Pages from a Journal* (1900), *More Pages from a Journal* (1910), and *Last Pages from a Journal* (1915). It is not our purpose to study all of these books, but merely to disclose certain threads running through them.

Though his confession had many facets, we can see it comprehensively in terms of two major themes to which we have already been introduced: renunciation and incompatibility. In all his books, whether autobiographical or more directly fictional, he traces the career of his hero or heroine through at least three stages of emotional experience: (1) spiritual exile, (2) romantic aspiration, (3) stoic renunciation or "deliverance." These were, of course, stages in Hale White's own pilgrimage, and it should not escape our notice that the title of his second book was *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*. As the final stage in the process, it is obviously the most important. What was this "deliverance," and how was it arrived at?

One critic has aptly described it as "a Calvinistic quietism of his own devising,"[23] a stoical submission to life as one finds it, a decision born of much suffering to cease striving for perfection in human existence and to stop hoping to find, in a human context, those ultimate truths which had once been afforded in a context of dogmatic faith. In modern psychiatric terms, it was an awareness of his own neurotic perfectionism.[24] This is his own statement of the "deliverance": "I had discovered that my appetite was far larger than my powers. Consumed by a longing for continuous intercourse with the best, I had no ability whatever to maintain it, and I had accepted as a fact, however mysterious it might be, that the human mind is created with the impulses of a seraph and the strength of a man."[25] If any one statement can be found to embody Hale White's final philosophic resting place, this is probably it; but it would be a mistake to believe that he rested serenely in this harbour. His life was a constant battle between Olympian aspiration and a sense of his own inadequacy and inferiority, and in the above words we should detect, not just Christian humility, but wounded pride. It was a statement of truth, but it was a truth he hated. And once we have traced the experience leading him to this "deliverance," we can more readily understand its temporary and ambivalent quality.

[23]Cf. "The Pilgrimage of a Victorian," *Times Literary Supplement*, July 25, 1936, 612.
[24]See Karen Horney, *Neurosis and Human Growth* (New York, 1950).
[25]Mark Rutherford, *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* (Oxford, 1936), 2.

Following his expulsion, Hale White found for a time an outlet for his religious impulses in the poetry of Wordsworth and in romantic idealism in general. Remembering the effect of the *Lyrical Ballads* upon him, he writes:

> There is, of course, a definite explanation to be given of one effect produced by the 'Lyrical Ballads.' God is nowhere formally deposed, and Wordsworth would have been the last man to say that he had lost faith in the God of his fathers. But his real God is not the God of the Church, but the God of the hills, the abstraction Nature, and to this my reverence was transferred. Instead of an object of worship which was altogether artificial, remote, never coming into genuine contact with me, I now had one which I thought to be real, one in which literally I could live and move and have my being, an actual fact present before my eyes. God was brought from that heaven of the books, and dwelt on the downs in the far-away distances, and in every cloud-shadow which wandered across the valley. Wordsworth unconsciously did for me what every religious reformer has done,—he re-created my Supreme Divinity; substituting a new and living spirit for the old deity, once alive, but gradually hardened into an idol.[26]

Like many others of his generation, Hale White experienced for a time a kind of religious "new birth" in the enthusiasm and aspiration of the romantic poets and of romantic idealism. He learned no new doctrine and embraced no new creed, but in one way or another he became infected by those romantic attitudes and beliefs asserting that ". . . not by miracle, or special grace or supernatural intervention, but in the natural order of things a divine Presence was within us and around us, immanent in the world, not specially manifesting itself through consecrated food, books, rites, ceremonies, but breathing through the universal frame of things, yet declaring itself in a more august style in the spirit of man."[27]

But though he was deeply moved by such ideas and in a sense never ceased being at heart a romantic idealist, he was temperamentally unable to live long in the open spaces of such emancipation. In his attempt to arrive at a truly "human" religion outside of any dogmatic creed or organized church, he made the fatal mistake, described by T. E. Hulme, of trying to introduce into human things "the Perfection that properly belongs only to the divine," thus confusing "both divine and human things by not clearly separating them."[28] The result of seeking absolutes of perfection and purity in the world of men led, of course, to disillusionment and bitterness. Wordsworth's religion of

[26] *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, 22–3.
[27] Edward Dowden, *Studies in Literature, 1789–1877* (London, 1889), 57.
[28] Quoted from *Speculations* by T. E. Hulme in F. O. Matthiessen, *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot* (Oxford, 1947), 145.

nature, for example, became untenable when he witnessed the poverty-stricken multitudes of London's Drury Lane who perhaps would never see a tree or stream or mountain in their entire lives. But, more fundamentally, his failure to find continuing satisfaction in romantic idealism was born of certain elements in his Puritan inheritance, and if we observe his efforts to make a "human" religion out of the reinterpreted Gospel story, we can see this failure in process of development.

It had been demonstrated by Hegel and others (and Hale White was a student of the new biblical criticism and German thought generally) that Christ's incarnation was not a unique act in history, but merely a supreme example of how the Divine Idea could be realized in any human being. If this is so, argued Hale White, and if Christ is the perfect exemplar in history of the fruition of this process, let us turn to him to discover what is expected in terms of realistic human experience of the God-infected man. It is claimed that he died *for* us. How can this claim be understood in terms of human experience? The answer is that Christ's death is simply an illustration of the fact that everywhere and in all time the innocent must suffer for the guilty, the just for the unjust. And not only is this so, but it is *right* that it is so, for Christ can be taken as a symbol of what is eternally true even though he himself was only a human being. Furthermore, it is no exaggeration to say that Hale White would reverse the formula and maintain that a man cannot be innocent unless he does suffer, unless he renounces his own happiness in serving others. We may be freed from all the superstitious paraphernalia of orthodox Christianity, but that does not mean we escape to blessed freedom; we reread the Gospel in the light of these new insights and it becomes a Gospel of blood, sweat, and tears for all men and not just for one supreme man. Therefore, all men must share the moral burden of striving for perfection, for there is no insurmountable difference between the character of Christ and their own potential character. In one of Mark Rutherford's early sermons, Hale White showed this doctrine in the process of development.

> I remember . . . discoursing about the death of Christ. There was not a single word which was ordinarily used in the pulpit which I did not use,—satisfaction for sin, penalty, redeeming blood, they were all there,—but I began by saying that in this world there was no redemption for man but by blood; furthermore, the innocent had everywhere and in all times to suffer for the guilty. It had been objected that it was contrary of our notion of an all-loving Being that he should demand such a sacrifice; but, contrary or not, in this world it was true, quite apart from Jesus, that virtue was martyred every day, unknown and unconsoled, in order that the wicked might somehow be saved. This was part of the

scheme of the world, and we might dislike it or not, we could not get rid of it. The consequences of my sin, moreover, are rendered less terrible by virtues not my own. I am literally saved from penalties because another pays the penalty for me. The atonement, and what it accomplished for man, were therefore a sublime summing up as it were of what sublime men have to do for their race; an exemplification, rather than a contradiction, of Nature herself, as we know her in our own experience.[29]

Thus did romantic idealism assist Hale White in perverting the doctrine of the Atonement into a doctrine of suffering, and thus did romantic aspiration turn into a bitter creed of self-denial. In some ways this was one of the most terrible statements in all of Hale White's writing, not because it was a recognition of the tragic nature of human life, but because it was in itself an ideal compelling the believer to seek suffering, to enjoy self-denial for its own sake. Man could crave perfection, but with the Gospel rewritten in this way he could find it only through self-mutilation. And because Hale White passionately desired to be one of those "sublime men," he went through life not only carrying crosses, but seeking crosses to carry. Such statements as these are frequent in his work:

Happiness is said to be more powerful than any religion in making men good. I confess to an uneasy impatience at the sight of that beaming goodness which obviously proceeds from happiness.[30]

It is so much more difficult to sympathise with a person's joys than with his sorrows, the reason being that the spectacle of another's joy wakes the contrast with our own unhappiness, and that of his sorrows with our pleasure.[31]

The practise of self-denial is good: it may be learnt. More difficult than self-denial is enjoyment, rejoicing in that which ought to delight us. This perhaps may be partly learnt, but not without severest discipline.[32]

But Hale White's most striking comment on the virtue and necessity of suffering is found in his short story, "Atonement." It tells of a man who, in a mood of desperate melancholy and ill temper—a temper made worse by the patient, unresisting silence of his wife—raged out of the house one Saturday afternoon and nearly stumbled over his dog at the threshold. "God damn you!" he cried, and viciously kicked the dog, which faithfully followed its master along the street until it dropped dead in the gutter, killed by the injuries the master had inflicted. The man's remorse was terrible:

A separate consciousness seemed to establish itself in this foot; there was nothing to be seen and no pain, but there was a dull sort of pressure

[29]*Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, 25–6.
[30]Mark Rutherford, *Last Pages from a Journal*, 278–9.
[31]From an unpublished letter dated August 8, 1884; this letter is reproduced in part in "Private Notes."
[32]Mark Rutherford, *Last Pages from a Journal*, 311.

of which I could not rid myself. If I slept, I dreamed of the dog, and generally dreamed I was caressing him, waking up to the dreadful truth of the corpse on the path in the rain. I got it into my head—for I was half-crazy—that only by some expiation I should be restored to health and peace; but how to make any expiation I could not tell.[33]

The opportunity came not long after. A fire had broken out in a neighbouring house, and all the inhabitants had been rescued save a little mongrel dog. The man saved the dog, but in jumping from a window fell on *that* foot, which subsequently had to be amputated. The doctors were amazed at his cheerful fortitude during the operation; and the owner of the dog, who gave him the animal as a gift, could not understand the eagerness and joy with which he received it.

Though in this story the dog provided an objective reference which partially explained the man's compulsion to inflict suffering on himself, it is obvious that we cannot fully account for such savage masochistic impulses merely in terms of guilt over the death of a dog. The writer of this story betrayed an intensity of feeling that could not be held by the dramatic frame he built to embrace it. The dark, revengeful mood in which the chief actor of this story was caught was a mood Hale White often knew, and in those last years of his wife's illness such a temper was especially frequent. In this little parable we have a study of the guilt incurred by the desire to inflict pain on others (and the dog could be a symbol for the wife) and the need to expiate that guilt, not constructively, but by self-mutilation. More than that, it is by implication a case-study in how self-sacrifice and renunciation which, under the old Calvinism, had a purifying and dignified function, could turn into vindictive self-torture and brutality once the sanction of the old creed was gone. There had once been a degree of sanctity in suffering to do God's will, but with the dissipation of the dogma that explained such suffering, it was no longer certain that God willed suffering at all. Might it not simply be a human perversity to insist on the importance of suffering? As he grew older, Hale White became less and less sure of his own motives and less confident of the truth in Mark Rutherford's early sermon. But throughout his life he nevertheless displayed something like an evil genius in devising ways of destroying his own and his neighbour's peace. Thus was the burden of original sin transmuted into a psychological burden, and thus did a Puritan's habit of renunciation get transplanted in secular soil.

But Hale White was a man of many moods, and his habit of renunciation did not always manifest itself in such dramatically violent forms—as the reader may have surmised from the statement of his "deliverance" quoted earlier. But in one way or another his "deliver-

[33]Mark Rutherford, *Pages from a Journal* (Oxford, 1900), 117.

ance" by renunciation always took the symbolic form, as in the short story, of a cutting-out of the offending member—whether that member was manifest as pride, egotism, revengefulness, or simply the reaching for an ideal of perfection beyond human powers. It always involved an awareness of sin or spiritual disease, and one of the cures—short of self-torment—which he imposed on himself was a kind of social and moral quarantine. This solution and the three stages of the process leading to it are clearly delineated in his story, *Miriam's Schooling*, one of the most powerful and representative of his novels, and we cannot leave this discussion without a brief consideration of it.

The heroine of this story (most of the leading characters in Hale White's novels are women) begins her "schooling" in the world of experience by angrily leaving her provincial home, Cowfold (standing for Bedford), after her father, following many years as a widower, decided to take another wife. Miriam had never known her mother, but she had always held her memory sacred and was overcome with rage and jealousy when her father violated the sanctity of the home by introducing another object of worship. Rather than compromise with her ideals and affections, she exiled herself from Cowfold and went with her brother to seek her livelihood in London. But there her stubborn idealism suffered some rude shocks. She fell in love with a music-hall singer, George Montgomery, only to discover at last that he was a common philanderer and incapable of the high-minded love she craved. Her brother, surrendering to the corrupting influences of the great city, added to her troubles by becoming a drunkard and by finally falling seriously ill. As a result of these and other trials, Miriam's capacity for human affection became infected, and her own brother's failure, instead of arousing her sympathy, provoked her hatred:

> The affection of Miriam for her brother, never very strong, was not increased by his ill-luck. She began, in fact, to dislike him because he was unfortunate. She imagined that her dislike was due to his faults, and every now and again she abused him for them; but his faults would have been forgotten if he had been prosperous. She hated misery, and not only misery in the abstract, but miserable weak creatures. She was ready enough . . . to right a wrong, especially if the wrong was championed by those whom she despised; but for simple infirmity, at least in human beings, she had no more mercy than the wild animals which destroy any one of their tribe whom they find disabled.[34]

As her hatred increased, the shell of self-absorption grew more encrusted around her—even music "only increased her self-sympathy."[35]

[34] *Miriam's Schooling* (Oxford, 1936), 99. This was written shortly before his wife's death.

[35] *Ibid.*, 112.

Finally the crisis came, a sense of horror and despair which brought her to the brink of suicide. These are part of her thoughts: "A Satan we might conquer, or at least we should feel the delight of combat in resisting him; but what can we do against this leaden 'order of things' which makes our nerves ministers of madness?"[36] Some instinct saved her from the fatal act and she began, after thus plumbing the depths of the Everlasting No, to find her "deliverance" by ceasing to ask so much of life and by giving more of herself. But her early experiments in self-sacrifice were failures. She got work in a hospital and romantically dreamed of an heroic role ministering to grateful patients and nursing them back to life and health. Instead she was assigned, for three probationary months, to scrubbing floors. This sacrifice proving too alien to her dream of service, she returned to Cowfold—not, like the Prodigal Son, because she desired forgiveness, but simply because she knew of no other place where she could nurse in peace her wounded pride and sense of failure. Her frustration was that of the unrequited martyr, whose desire for self-sacrifice could find in human society no object worthy of the dedication of her spiritual energies. In Cowfold she met a basket-maker, Didymus Farrow, an unlettered, incommunicative fellow, whose clumsy attentions were received only because she, like Madame Bovary, could no longer live with herself. Though she secretly held him in contempt, her will was mastered by her boredom, and she married him. She presently came to hate this man whom she had made her victim by marriage, but mixed with her hate was some genuine remorse over the great wrong she had done him; and it was he, strangely enough, who finally showed her the way to salvation. With the help of a neighbour who was interested in astronomy, Didymus had constructed an elaborate orrery to demonstrate the movements of the stars. As Miriam watched the elaborate machine take shape under his skilful hands, she became impressed with the almost poetic intricacy of his creation; and as he demonstrated to her the mathematical precision of the stellar universe, she was gradually drawn out of herself and out of her selfish judgment of him. He unconsciously taught her what all of Hale White's heroines in one way or another learn: to seek virtue in the commonplace, to cease regarding one's self as apart from or superior to ordinary humanity. To acquiesce in such knowledge was no joyous surrender for either Miriam or Hale White, but it provided a sedative to discontent which might last a lifetime. And through this knowledge, Miriam and Hale White learned how renunciation could point the way, not only to spiritual and psychological "deliverance" but even to a grey happiness.

[36] *Ibid.*, 99.

The second theme of his confession—marital incompatibility—is one intimately bound up with this first, and we have inadvertently had glimpses of it already, for it was simply another aspect of his basic maladjustment: demanding from human things that perfection which properly belongs only to the divine. In the *Autobiography*, shortly after Mark Rutherford had left the theological college, we are shown him seeking a "perfect friend," someone to whom he can unburden his heart as he had once unburdened his soul to God. These are his thoughts:

> I wanted a friend who would sacrifice himself to me utterly, and to whom I might offer a similar sacrifice. I found companions for whom I cared, and who professed to care for me; but I was thirsting for deeper draughts of love than any which they had to offer; and I said to myself that if I were to die not one of them would remember me for more than a week. This was not selfishness, for I longed to prove my devotion as well as to receive that of another. How this ideal haunted me! It made me restless and anxious at the sight of every new face, wondering whether at last I had found that for which I searched as if for the kingdom of heaven. It is superfluous to say that a friend of the kind I wanted never appeared, and disappointment after disappointment at last produced in me a cynicism which repelled people from me, and brought upon me a good deal of suffering. I tried men by my standard, and if they did not come up to it I rejected them; thus I prodigally wasted a good deal of the affection which the world would have given me.[37]

In his relations with women Hale White demanded the same kind of complete devotion here described and—in so far as it was humanly possible to give such love—from his first and second wife seems to have received it. But their devotion did not, at least in the first instance, appeal to him as being that which he sought. There was always in his life that ideal woman, possessed of great intellect and all the virtues, in comparison with whom the real woman, however excellent, seemed second-rate and even hateful. The ideal woman was a creation of his imagination, but her prototype may have been the very real figure of George Eliot.[38] He had known her for a brief period in his youth when they were both employed on the *Westminster Review*, and his professions of love for her persist (usually under fictional disguise) throughout his writing. Here was the unobtainable Sibyl, the ideal, which he had desired but never wooed. Yet, he keeps reminding himself, it was an ideal he might have won had he not been cursed

[37] *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, 28–9.

[38] For references to George Eliot in his work see: *Early Life of Mark Rutherford*, 84; *Last Pages from a Journal*, 131–7; *More Pages from a Journal*, 116–23; *Letters to Three Friends* (Oxford, 1924), 87, 180–1, 204; *Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, 143–63. In this last source she appears as Theresa; Mark Rutherford declares, ". . . I worshipped Theresa, and was entirely overcome with unhesitating absorbing love for her." Cf. also Mrs. White, *The Groombridge Diary*, 44, 72.

with that debilitating, self-destroying shyness. No doubt the ideal was composite but, whatever its ingredients, it represented a kind of perfection which the woman who was human and imperfect enough to be won could never—even given good health—have rivalled.

But Hale White, though he never saw his problem in just these terms, was too sensitive not to be aware of the injustice involved in his hostility toward his wife. He recognized that such feelings were a basic element in his soul's disease and that he must find "deliverance" from them. By the naming of the devils besetting him he sought to exorcize them; and again and again he used fiction-writing as the purgative medium.

In one remarkable short story, entitled "A Dream of Two Dimensions," we have a particularly vivid example of such purgation. The story opens with the hero sitting in his living room one Sunday afternoon and trying to read. His wife sits opposite him. It is his only free day in the week, but his peace is constantly disturbed by the insistent demands of his young son for help with his Euclid. In a black mood, he sends the boy upstairs to his room and then proceeds to bewail his hard lot, his gloomy home, and the callousness of his own family, none of whom, including his wife, care a straw for his sufferings. After his wife, stung by these false accusations, leaves the room in tears, he settles back in a melancholy and pensive state of mind and finally goes to sleep. He is transported in dreams to a strange world of two dimensions, where his own three-dimensionality seems to attract no particular attention. He is happy there at first and marries a beautiful two-dimensional wife, whose only shortcoming is that, like all of these shadow people, she disappears at sundown not to return until the next morning. In time, however, he becomes melancholy and hypochondriacal and frustrated at the failure of the citizenry to recognize his three-dimensionality. His wife, reacting to his unhappiness, gradually pines away until she is in danger of death. Secretly she consults a physician who gives her a potion which will be effective only if both she and her husband drink it simultaneously. He refuses to do so, but she resorts to the desperate expedient of drinking her part of the medicine, hoping, by this courageous demonstration of her love and trust, to win his co-operation. He still refuses, however, and she dies. He becomes inconsolable with grief and is remorsefully longing for a second chance when he wakes up, finds himself at 10 Albert Villas, and sees his patient, long-suffering, flesh-and-blood wife in the chair opposite him.

What is the significance of this? It is an allegory drawn directly from Hale White's inner experience. Not only is it a dramatic confession, from a man who had never heard of Freud, that he entertained

a death-wish toward his wife; it is also a confession that he really wanted to love her but was inhibited in the expression of that love by his own need to suffer. His main complaint against his shadow-wife had been her unawareness of his third dimension, just as his complaint against his real wife was that she seemed unappreciative of his intellectual superiority and spiritual sensitivity. These were, of course, only rationalizations—projections of his own self-hate and sexual frustration. But the result of his dream experience was that he received a kind of "deliverance" from the vindictive tensions haunting him. It did not make him regenerate or tell him immediately how to exercise that love in which he believed, but it taught him—as he learned again and again throughout his life—that one must find virtue in the real and the commonplace, that one finds peace and joy and happiness by giving up his aspiration for the ideal and the perfect, that one must accept life with all its limitations and discover one's values within that narrower context. It was the discipline of learning the futility of trying to be a god and the enormous difficulty of trying to be a man.

But even in his last years Hale White's battle with himself was not finished. Though the record his second wife gives us in *The Groombridge Diary* is one heavily coloured by her devotion, we can often catch glimpses of the character of her lover which remind us of perversities we have seen earlier. She writes:

> It is strange that he sees now a strain in his nature which I am convinced he never saw before; a wretchedness in himself which seems as if it *must* vent itself in making wretchedness for others; not with any cruel intention, but just from sheer misery; an instinctive desire to damp enthusiasm or joy. The odd thing is that this instinct lies so closely and comfortably side by side with an instinct for those very qualities which he damps; he loves joy and enthusiasm as well as hates them spitefully. I said: "You sometimes feel wretched." He said "Yes"; he was making up the fire. I said: "And you feel as if you must make other people wretched." "Yes," he said bitterly, "it's damnable," and he gave the fire a savage poke.[39]

This habit of "damping" enthusiasm or joy grew, not simply from a personal and temperamental idiosyncrasy, but largely from his failure to find any sure positive pole which could draw him permanently out of himself into confident, assertive action. As a result he was forced, to a very great degree, to find his strength in hero-worship and his martyrdom in self-pity. It was part of the awful heritage of a Puritan whose only strength and joy lay in belief and who was deprived of that belief. At one time the burden of original sin had been largely carried

[39]*The Groombridge Diary*, 393–4.

on the shoulders of a Redeemer; but in the modern world, for those who would accept the responsibility, it was carried by individual men. Hale White accepted this burden and was nearly prostrated by its weight; and he never completely got over his bitterness at a world which cheerfully let him carry it and, instead of giving him praise or honour for his sacrifice, seemed to be repelled by it.

These manifestations of Hale White's personal problem may appear to be merely unique with him and not connected with any significant spiritual malaise of the age as a whole. But I believe this is not so. The record of Hale White's life is one long struggle in learning how to live satisfactorily without absolutes. He was a man—in this respect like Carlyle—who desperately needed to believe but could never be sure just what to believe. By an effort that almost destroyed him, he refused to accept easy assurances, and with a severe intellectual honesty faced his profoundest fears and called them by their right names. And in so doing, he was fighting the most fundamental emotional and intellectual battle of modern man—the fight to keep our passion for truth from hardening into the acceptance of dogma, the fight to find happiness and peace in the shadow of suspended judgment. The confessions of Hale White's books are those of one born a dogmatist struggling to become and remain a humanist. The habits which had been bred on the other side of the spiritual watershed—the community of belief to which he belonged before 1852—were adapted only imperfectly and with difficulty to the conditions and problems of the increasingly secularized world of the later century. The history of a man who devoted himself ceaselessly to the task of making that transition possible and effective should be of great significance to the historian and psychologist as well as to the literary scholar. For his personal problems were part of the trauma of an age striving for birth, part of the hidden tragedy of an age which began its carreer with the mistaken notion that tragedy itself might be eliminated from human life.

AREAS OF RESEARCH IN CANADIAN LITERATURE*

DESMOND PACEY

IT IS symptomatic of our growing self-confidence that Canadian literature, the very existence of which was seriously debated in academic circles a generation ago, should now be recognized as a legitimate subject of research. Already valuable pioneer work has been done by faculty members and graduate students in several Canadian, and in a few American, universities. Canadian literature remains, however, a very rich and virtually unexploited field. So far, our operations in it may be compared to those of a harvesting machine which merely removes the heads from the grain: we have still to examine the soil in which the seed grew, and to investigate the processes of growth.

To state that Canadian literature offers a rich field for academic literary research is not necessarily to imply that Canadian literature is itself a luxuriant growth. We need have no illusions about the quality of Canadian writing in order to believe that the conditions under which it has been produced and the characteristics which it has manifested are worthy of serious study. A stunted plant may offer more excitement to the investigator than its more prolific neighbour.

There seem to me to be seven major areas in which research in Canadian literature might profitably be conducted: bibliography, biography, literary sociology, cultural analysis, philosophy, comparative literature, and the study of reputations. This list does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it at least should provide a broad basis for discussion and a sufficiently challenging programme of action.

It is a grim commentary on our cultural apathy that there is as yet no satisfactory and comprehensive bibliography of Canadian literature. The only two bibliographies—one of poetry, the other of fiction—which aim at comprehensiveness were published over fifty years ago. Recently, Professor R. E. Watters of the University of British Columbia has been preparing an up-to-date bibliography with the aid of grants from the Canadian Humanities Research Council. His work will be immensely valuable, but, if I understand its scope correctly, it will leave considerable room for the researches of the expert bibliographer. The Watters bibliography will be in the nature of a check-list, compiled largely on the basis of existing partial bibliographies rather than upon a volume by volume examination of the books themselves. It will leave unsolved such bibliographical puzzles as the existence or non-

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existence of Major John Richardson's *Westbrook*, a novel which is listed in several bibliographies of that author but about which no precise information is given. I have made inquiries about *Westbrook* from almost all the leading libraries of this continent and from several abroad, but have not succeeded in tracing a single copy. My guess is that the novel was advertised for sale, but that it was either never written or never published. It will also be left for subsequent researchers to sort out all the special and limited editions in which Bliss Carman's poetry appeared in the first two decades of this century: a task, I suspect, which will challenge the energy and ingenuity of even the most devoted student. Similar bibliographical puzzles will readily occur to most of my readers. Think, for example, of Stephen Leacock, whose books were so multifarious, were translated into so many languages, and excerpts from which appeared in so many anthologies. There will also be the task of tracing the periodical contributions of Canadian authors. Who can guess what new light might be shed upon the development of Lampman or Roberts or Duncan Campbell Scott if we had an accurate chronological record of their poems as they appeared in the magazines of the last two decades of the nineteenth century?

If bibliography seems too specialized a field for the potential scholar, perhaps the work waiting to be done in biography will arouse his excitement. It would not be too rash to assert that there is not yet a single definitive biography of a Canadian author. Perhaps Professor Carl Klinck's study of William Wilfred Campbell may remain the standard work on that rather minor figure, but if so it is a solitary exception. V. L. O. Chittick's study of Haliburton is a scholarly one, but it is now thirty years old and, for all its erudition, it does not really penetrate the personality of that delightful old Tory satirist. We must pay our tribute to other pioneer studies such as those of Lorne Pierce on William Kirby, Elsie Pomeroy on Roberts, and Carl Connor on Lampman, but each of these books has serious flaws. We badly need a series of biographies of our major authors, a series which should include books on Thomas Chandler Haliburton, John Richardson, Charles Sangster, William Kirby, Gilbert Parker, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Charles Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Marjorie Pickthall, Frederick Philip Grove and Stephen Leacock.

To fill this need will be no easy task. To give some idea of the kind of difficulties that may be encountered, perhaps I may illustrate from my own experience in trying to put together a biography of Canada's first native novelist, Major John Richardson. Not only are the existing biographies of the man brief and sketchy in the extreme, they are not

even accurate regarding the major events of his life. Facts disclosed in the papers of Richardson's maternal grandfather, John Askin, make it reasonably certain that the novelist's mother was half-Indian. This, if true, is of great help in understanding Richardson's personality—he seems always to have suffered from a sense of insecurity—and his books, for in the latter he frequently introduces Indian characters and endows them almost always with great nobility. Yet none of the existing biographies even allude to the possibility of such ancestry! There is another mystery about Richardson's marriage. I have secured a copy of a return made by Richardson himself to the British War Office which not only gives a date for his marriage quite different from that given in the biographies, but also gives the name of a quite different lady! Whether the biographies are quite wrong, or whether Richardson married twice, is a question yet to be unravelled. At any rate, with these two instances of inaccuracy before us, we are apt to look sceptically at the highly coloured accounts given us of Richardson's death. He is said to have died of starvation in New York City, after having sold his Newfoundland dog to buy a last meal; but all this may well be sheer fantasy.

Adequate biographical treatments of Richardson and other authors will of course demand a study of the social backgrounds from which they emerged; and, indeed, this whole subject of what may be called literary sociology will form a fascinating area for research. On the one hand, we must investigate the manner in which our literature reflects our society. There has been much loose talk of the documentary accuracy of our authors, and it is time that we decided what exactly we mean by this phrase and to what extent its use is justified by the facts. I have recently sought to show that Goldsmith's *Rising Village* is far from being a true picture of colonial life in early Nova Scotia, and yet its claim to be such has been attested by critic after critic. It is strange that often the same critic declares for the documentary accuracy of both Goldsmith and Haliburton, when they were inhabitants of the same colonial society and yet gave such divergent accounts of it! Isabella Valancy Crawford, again, is said to give us an accurate account of pioneer life in Ontario; but it is difficult to believe that the singing, ranting, murdering lumbermen of her *Malcolm's Katie* are typical early inhabitants of staid Ontario. How accurate is the image she gives us? How accurate are the images of their societies provided by Lampman, Grove, and Leacock?

On the other hand, we must attempt to establish what social forces precipitated the various literary movements in Canada. Dr. A. G. Bailey made a brilliant beginning on this subject some years ago in his

article "Creative Moments in the Culture of the Maritime Provinces," but what he did for the Maritimes needs to be done for the other parts of the country. A host of urgent questions spring to mind. Was there any real connection between the excitement generated by Confederation and the sudden upsurge of literary activity in the eighties and nineties of the last century? To what extent was the nationalism of the nineteen-twenties responsible for the literary revival of that decade? Why was World War II such a productive period in Canadian literary history, whereas World War I was so barren?

Anyone who thinks at all seriously about such questions will be struck by the fact that not only has our literature tended to occur in clusters but that the other arts have tended to flourish at the same moments and to take similar forms. Thus the decades following the achievement of Confederation saw not merely the work of Carman, Roberts, Lampman, Scott, Kirby, Parker, and others in literature, but the beginnings of significant work in painting and music. In the twenties, when Pratt, Grove, de la Roche, and the Montreal Group were producing their poems and stories, the Group of Seven were doing experimental and creative work in painting. World War II saw an upsurge not merely of Canadian writing but also of Canadian music, ballet, sculpture, and of other allied arts. Here is another fruitful subject for investigation—especially fruitful if undertaken by someone sufficiently skilled in several of these art forms to be able to make significant comparisons between them. As a casual observer, I think I see interesting parallels between the rugged northern landscapes of Thomson, Harris, Jackson, and company and the landscape poems of E. J. Pratt, F. R. Scott, A. J. M. Smith, and others. Again, it takes no great discernment to see similarities between the tendency of Canadian poetry in the forties towards social analysis and protest, and the gradual decline in the dominance of landscapes among our paintings. It would indeed be most interesting to see what there is in common between the images of Canada presented to us by workers in the various forms of art.

If the foregoing subject of research would commend itself particularly to those trained in the fine arts, the one next to be considered would be most appropriately undertaken by those trained in philosophy. We need to investigate the relation of literature to the various currents of ideas which have circulated through Canada. In speaking of the poetry of Carman and Roberts, critics frequently refer to their transcendentalism. What is the exact nature of transcendentalism, as they express it? Is it an accurate copy of the transcendentalism of Thoreau and Emerson, or is it significantly modified to suit the Canadian environment? Whence was their transcendentalism derived? Did

they receive it directly from its New England exponents, or was transcendentalism diffused throughout the eastern seaboard, without regard to international boundaries? Again, where did Lampman derive the ideas, particularly the social ideas, which animate his later poetry? Was a vague sort of Utopian socialism common in intellectual circles in Canada in the late nineteenth century, or did Lampman borrow it directly from William Morris? When did the Darwinian hypothesis begin to make an impact on Canadian habits of thought? These are just a few of the questions which any student interested in the history and diffusion of ideas might profitably undertake to answer.

As ideas are diffused, so are other literary influences. The student skilled in detecting such influences and similarities would find much to challenge him in the comparative study of Canadian literature. Our writers are commonly said to be imitative, but it is only rarely that the nature and extent of their imitation is considered in serious detail. We have not yet, I think, sufficient evidence to say categorically whether our writers have tended to look across the Atlantic Ocean or across the American border in their search for models. Was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, for example, an American humourist, or a transplanted English satirist? Was the early literature of colonial Nova Scotia an offshoot, as R. P. Baker argues, of New England literature, or were its writers more closely allied to English literature of the late eighteenth century? Are our poets of today more aware of Spender, Dylan Thomas, George Barker, and John Betjeman, or of Stevens, Williams, Jarrell, and Lowell? Particular writers will offer particular forms of difficulty. Carman is a case in point. Shelley, Swinburne, Poe, Whitman, Stevenson, Browning, Mallarmé, to mention but a few, have been cited by critics as influences on his work. Is it possible to sort out these influences? Is Carman merely a maker of pastiches, or is there some distinctive and personal quality in his vision and form of expression?

A subdivision of this comparative inquiry might well be the relations between literature emanating from English-speaking Canada and that emanating from French-speaking Canada. It is my conviction that these two literatures have developed in virtual isolation one from the other, and yet there are some remarkable parallels between them. The novels of each group, until recently, were predominantly historical romances or regional idylls. The poems of each group were predominantly, again until recently, romantic lyrics of love and landscape. In the last two decades, the writers of both groups have become increasingly realistic and social in their emphases. Have these similarities been accidental, the result of a similar physical and social environment, or the product of international forces?

A very specific form of this last inquiry might be the investigation of the amount of translation from the two major languages in Canada. In the nineteenth century, it was quite common for English-Canadian novels to be translated into French for the benefit of readers in Quebec. Today a casual observation would indicate that this practice has largely ceased and that the translations are made rather from French into English. Is such a casual impression borne out by the facts? If so, is it because the residents of Quebec are no longer interested in reading English-Canadian novels, or because a much higher proportion of the literary-minded people of that province are capable of reading the novels in English?

I come to the last possible area of research which I listed at the beginning of this article: the study of reputations. It may seem a little premature to suggest this type of study for authors whose claim to lasting interest has scarcely been established. In my view, however, this kind of inquiry can be very helpful in deciding what is permanent and what is transient in an author's work. A careful study of the curve of Bliss Carman's literary reputation at home and abroad, for example, should bring us much nearer the desirable goal of deciding what his ultimate rank as a poet will be. Interesting studies might also be made of the critical reception of Canadian writers in England and the United States. All such studies would tend to put our literary output in some kind of perspective, would enable us to look at our authors with less prejudice.

These, then, are a few of the areas of research in Canadian literature. Other areas will doubtless occur to other persons. My hope is merely that I have indicated something of the scope of the subject, of its potential excitement, and that I have given some glimpse of the immense task that awaits our minds and pens.

COUNT PAUL IGNATIEV'S EFFORTS TO SAVE THE MONARCHY OF NICHOLAS II

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IN the last two years of the Russian monarchy there were a few courageous and patriotic men who at the risk of incurring the disfavour of the Emperor or even of breaking their own careers tried in vain to persuade their Sovereign to adopt a course of action which might have prevented the revolution of 1917 and thus saved the monarchy. One of them was Count Paul Nikolaievich Ignatiev.

Scion of a distinguished family,[1] Count Ignatiev was born on July 24, 1870,[2] in Buyuk-Dere, the summer residence of the Russian Embassy at Constantinople, the fourth child of Count Nicholas Pavlovich Ignatiev, then Russian Ambassador to Turkey.[3] After completing his secondary education in Odessa and studying at the University of St. Petersburg and at the Sorbonne in Paris, he graduated from the School of Law of the University of Kiev in 1892. At that time he was inscribed on the lists of civil servants in the Ministry of the Interior. He then did his military service in the Preobrazhensky Regiment of the Guards where he came into close contact with Emperor Nicholas II, then only heir to the throne, who commanded the First Battalion of the regiment. He completed his military training in 1894 and the next year was appointed County Marshal of Nobility in the province of Kiev where he owned an estate. In 1896 at the coronation of Emperor Nicholas II he was appointed Master of Ceremonies at the Imperial Court. In 1903 he married Princess Nathalie Meshchersky, lady in waiting to Empress Alexandra. The following year he was elected President of the Executive Committee of the Kiev Zemstvo, which had been instituted in that province only the previous year. In 1906 he was appointed Governor of the province of Kiev, and three years later was called to St. Petersburg to serve as chief of the Board of Agriculture in the Ministry of Agriculture and Conservation under Alexander Krivoshein, an exceptionally gifted and enlightened civil servant. In 1912 he was promoted to the post of Assistant Minister of Agricul-

[1]See appendix to this article.

[2]All dates are according to the Gregorian calendar.

[3]"Once a Minister in Imperial Russia: The Memoirs of Count Paul Nikolayevich Ignatiev" (unpublished manuscript made available to the author by the sons of the late Count Ignatiev; their permission for the use of it is hereby gratefully acknowledged), 1. To be cited hereafter: Ignatiev Memoirs. Count Ignatiev states that it was his habit to write down the contents of his conversations with the Emperor and the Empress immediately after they took place (p. 1), and that he has used these records for his memoirs.

ture.[4] In this new position Count Ignatiev developed extensive contacts with members of the Imperial Duma, since he had often to appear before the different commissions of the legislature which dealt with agricultural matters. Believing sincerely that Russia's progress hinged upon co-operation between the government and the elected representatives of the people, Count Ignatiev became a popular official in Duma circles.[5]

It was precisely because of this popularity that Mr. Krivoshein, who "in the hope of encouraging public confidence in the government bent all efforts in order to introduce into the Cabinet of Ministers new men who would support his point of view,"[6] offered to Count Ignatiev in November, 1914, the portfolio of Minister of Public Instruction left vacant by the death of L. Kasso. The offer was repeated by Prime Minister I. L. Goremykin in December of the same year, but Count Ignatiev declined both offers feeling that he was not the man for the position.[7] Then suddenly on January 21, 1915,[8] he was summoned to Tsarskoye Selo where the Emperor announced to him his appointment to the cabinet. For forty minutes Count Ignatiev tried to dissuade the Emperor from making the appointment, arguing that he was not fit for the post, because of his particular ideas that the greatness of Russia lay in the unity of tsar and people and that the wall erected by bureaucracy between tsar and people was leading to disaster.[9] In his memoirs Count Ignatiev wrote:

During my first talk with the Emperor I had explained that the only method of working with the Duma that I could conceive was to do my utmost to work in full sympathy with it, accepting its views to the fullest extent that to the Ministry seemed advisable or possible. During this interview the Tsar expressed his approval of such a plan and his hope that I should be successful. This is why I am of the opinion that the Sovereign personally wished to see the government and the legislature working together in a friendly manner; but many members of his entourage and even some cabinet ministers frightened him with the idea that most requests of the Duma could not be granted. His weak character was unable to resist such fears.[10]

[4]*Ibid.*, 5, 8, 12, 14, 32, 50, 65; *Padenie Tsarskogo Rezhima*, VII (Moscow-Leningrad, 1927), 345–6 (this is the testimony of former cabinet ministers and officials before the Extraordinary Committee of Inquiry set up by the Provisional Government).

[5]S. S. Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie Imperatora Nikolaia II*, II (Munich, 1949), 171.

[6]Ignatiev Memoirs, 77.

[7]*Padenie*, VI (Moscow-Leningrad, 1927), 2.

[8]*Ibid.*, 3. However, in his memoirs Count Ignatiev states (p. 81): "The ukaze nominating me as Minister of Public Instruction was signed on January 22, 1915. On January 24, I was summoned by the Tsar and ordered to take office the next day—the so-called Day of St. Tatiana—the anniversary of the founding of the University of Moscow."

[9]*Padenie*, VI, 3.

[10]Ignatiev Memoirs, 80.

Count Ignatiev very properly considered himself an outsider in the bureaucratic circles of the capital,[11] and perhaps because he was one his appointment was welcomed not only by the moderate conservative and liberal groups in the Duma,[12] but also by the public at large. During the summer months of 1915 other cabinet changes seemed to indicate the Emperor's desire to meet the requests of public opinion. One by one the reactionary ministers who had been the targets of greatest criticism in the Duma were replaced by more moderate ones. On June 19, the Minister of the Interior, N. A. Maklakov, was replaced by Prince N. B. Shtcherbatov; on June 25, the incapable Minister of War, V. A. Sukhomlinov, by General A. A. Polivanov, the former Assistant Minister of War; on July 18, the High Procurator of the Holy Synod, V. K. Sabler, by the Marshal of Nobility of the Province of Moscow, A. D. Samarin; and on July 19, the Minister of Justice, I. G. Shtcheglovitov, by A. A. Khvostov, a member of the Imperial Council.[13] These changes were interpreted as a liberalization of the cabinet, but they did not solve either the problem of unity within the cabinet or the problem of the relations of the government with the Duma. Some of the new ministers made considerable efforts to solve these problems, among them Count Ignatiev, only to be labelled, with a note of opprobrium, liberals or radicals. Actually these ministers, in the words of S. D. Sazonov, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "were just as convinced monarchists as their more rightist colleagues, only with the difference that they realized that there cannot exist any institution, no matter how wise its foundation, which could claim immutability."[14] In other words, they stood for progress and evolution and not at all for radical change.

These cabinet changes took place at the time when the Russian army was suffering serious reverses in the war and retreating on the whole front, whereas the battle line in the West had become stabilized. It was thus decided to call the Duma, prorogued soon after the beginning of the war, into session on the first anniversary of the conflict—August 1, 1915. This was thought advisable in order to raise the morale of the nation. But at the cabinet meeting at which this matter was discussed, Prime Minister Goremykin proposed that immediately after the Duma met, it should be dissolved again on the ground that in the other belligerent countries the governments worked merely with committees of their legislatures without calling the full body into ses-

[11]Michael T. Florinsky, *The End of the Russian Empire* (New Haven, 1931), 84.
[12]*Padenie*, VI, 309.
[13]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 171.
[14]S. D. Sazonov, *Vospominania* (Paris, 1927), 346.

sion. The Prime Minister then asked for the individual opinions of the members of the cabinet regarding his proposal.

When it came to my turn to answer [writes Count Ignatiev] I said with much feeling: "There is a Roman proverb which says: 'During war laws are mute,' and the Western Powers adhere to this dictum, but we are deprived of the possibility of doing this, because the government does not enjoy the confidence of the nation. It cannot take charge of the nation's destinies, because nobody will follow its lead. In a time of distress like the present, when the mustering of the strength of the whole country is so necessary, a refusal to keep in session the Legislature, and especially the Duma which still has the confidence of the country, may numb the spirit of the people. . . . A government such as we represent has no right to dissolve the Duma when it sees the fatherland confronted with the peril of invasion by the enemy."

Mr. Krivoshein and Mr. Samarin supported my view and General Polivanov nodded approvingly. It was the first time that a definite proposal by the Prime Minister had met with active opposition.[15]

Consequently, the Duma met as scheduled. In the meantime the Russian retreat at times looked like a rout. Warsaw was abandoned on August 4. There was talk that the army would stop on the line from Kovno to Brest-Litovsk. But Kovno was stormed and captured (its commandant, General Grigoriev, was committed for trial), the forts of Brest-Litovsk were blown up even before the arrival of the Germans, and large supply depots were destroyed. The enemy was approaching the Western Dvina River. A hasty evacuation of Riga with its important industries was ordered. A thrust toward Kiev from Galicia was expected. It was impossible to foresee the line on which the Russian army could hold the advancing enemy.[16] At that time the Emperor decided to dismiss Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievich, the Commander-in-Chief, and assume the command himself.

It was rumoured that this decision was inspired by Rasputin who had earned the undying enmity of the Grand Duke for many years past. There is evidence, indeed, that if this move was not actually inspired by Rasputin, it was strongly encouraged by him, since in a letter to the Emperor, dated November 24, 1916, Empress Alexandra wrote: "Remember, how last year *all* were against you and for Nikolasha and our Friend gave you the help and strength you took over all and saved Russia."[17] At any rate, when the news of the Sovereign's decision to assume the supreme command of the armed forces reached His Majesty's ministers, it provoked a cabinet crisis.

[15]Ignatiev Memoirs, 170–1. [16]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 173.
[17]*Pisma Imperatritsy Aleksandry Fiodorovny k Imperatoru Nikolaiu II* (Berlin, 1922), II, 237.

In a series of stormy cabinet meetings the progressive ministers tried to persuade the Prime Minister to see not only the folly of the Emperor's decision but the danger to the monarchy. "It is frightful to contemplate," exclaimed the War Minister, General Polivanov, "what an effect it would make on the country if the Sovereign Emperor should be forced to give an order in his own name for the evacuation of Petrograd or, God forbid, Moscow."[18] Krivoshein added: "From the time of the disasters of Khodynka[19] and of the Japanese war the people have always considered the Sovereign to be an unfortunate, an unlucky tsar."[20] There was also to be considered the widespread popularity of Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievich. At the cabinet meeting of September 1, 1915, Count Ignatiev stated:

I shall deem it my duty to bring to the attention of His Majesty that the university students are greatly agitated on the ground of their sympathetic attitude toward the Grand Duke and of their expressed opposition to his dismissal as military leader because of their belief that he alone is capable of holding firm against the Germans. The rector of the University of Petrograd has sent me a request asking me to postpone the opening of classes for fear that there may be serious acts of demonstration and protest.[21]

Finally the majority of the ministers prevailed upon Mr. Goremykin to have the entire cabinet meet with the Emperor in order to try to impress upon him the dangers of his decision. It was urgent that a meeting take place, since the Emperor was about to leave for General Headquarters (*Stavka*). Consequently, the ministers journeyed to the Imperial Residence the following day, September 2.[22] In the words of Count Ignatiev:

We assembled at Tsarskoye Selo, and with the exception of the Prime Minister, the cabinet expressed itself unanimously against the decision of the Sovereign.[23] We were convinced that the risk of affecting the morale of the nation was too great, and that if no improvement in the war followed, as was more than probable, the fatal consequences could be tremendous. . . . [But] the Sovereign remained unshaken in his decision and declared that in the hour of danger to the fatherland, he must be with his army.[24]

[18]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 175.

[19]At the coronation of Emperor Nicholas II in 1896 a stampede occurred during the distribution of gifts and food to the populace on the field of Khodynka on the outskirts of Moscow, and thousands lost their lives.

[20]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 175.

[21]A. N. Yakhontov, "Tiazholyie dni (Sekretnyie zasedania Sovieta Ministrov 16 (29) iyulia–2 (15) sentiabria 1915 goda)," *Arkhiv Russkoi Revoliutsii*, XVIII (Berlin, 1926), 86. These are verbatim recordings of secret cabinet meetings by the assistant secretary of the Council of Ministers.

[22]Sazonov, *Vospominania*, 361.

[23]Sazonov seems to be of a different opinion when he says: "Even Goremykin expressed to him his fears concerning the risks of his appearing at the front in the active role of a commander-in-chief" (*ibid.*, 362).

[24]Ignatiev Memoirs, 173–4.

The following day, September 3, another stormy cabinet meeting was held in Petrograd, and the question of the Emperor's decision to assume supreme command of the armed forces was raised again. Against the adamant stand of Goremykin the majority of ministers proposed to go on record in defending their attitude. Count Ignatiev said: "I agree that it is necessary to inform the Sovereign of our unchangeable stand and at that in writing. We must remove from ourselves the possible accusation that we remained silent in the moment of the greatest peril for Russia."[25] And to the remark of the Minister of the Navy, Admiral Grigorovich, that "it is no secret that the army also has no confidence in us [i.e., the government] and is waiting for a change," Count Ignatiev added a significant statement: "At that the army has ceased to be an army and has been transformed into an armed people."[26] But Goremykin stood firm.

In the evening of the same day all the ministers with the exception of Prime Minister Goremykin, the Minister of Justice, Khvostov, the Minister of Transport, Rukhlov, who was ill, and the Minister of the Court, Count Fredericks, gathered in the apartments of Mr. Sazonov at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.[27] There they decided to draft a collective letter to the Emperor. By mutual consent the High Procurator of the Holy Synod, Samarin, composed the letter.[28] It read:

MOST MERCIFUL SOVEREIGN!

Do not blame us for our bold and frank appeal to you. Our duty of faithful subjects, our love for you and for the fatherland and the troubling realization of the dreaded significance of the events now taking place force us to do so.

Yesterday at the meeting of the Council of Ministers under your personal chairmanship we laid before you our unanimous request that the Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievich should not be removed from participation in the Supreme Command of the armies, but we are afraid that Your Imperial Majesty did not deign to yield, not only to our prayer but to that, as we dare to think, of all your faithful Russia.

Sovereign, we have the temerity once more to express to you our belief that in the best of our judgment the taking by you of this decision threatens Russia, you and your dynasty, with dire consequences.

[25]Yakhontov, *Arkhiv Russkoi Revoliutsii*, XVIII, 92.

[26]*Ibid.*, 24.

[27]According to Sazonov, the Ministers of War and of the Navy were not present (*Vospominania*, 364); according to Count Ignatiev they were, "but by common consent they did not sign the letter, although they approved of it. We thought that the military and naval officials who were responsible for the supplies of the armed forces at this juncture should not take part in our protest." (Ignatiev Memoirs, 176.)

[28]Sazonov, *Vospominania*, 364; *Pisma Imperatritsy*, I, 163. However, Count Ignatiev states: "In the composition of the letter Kharitonov and Krivoshein took part and were helped by everyone. Mr. Bark wrote it down." (Ignatiev Memoirs, 176.) This is unlikely, since Bark retained his post until the revolution.

At the same meeting it became evident that there was a fundamental disagreement between the Prime Minister and ourselves in the evaluation of events occurring within the country and in the establishment of a common plan of action for the government. Such a situation, untenable at all times, is disastrous at present.

Finding ourselves in such circumstances we are losing faith in the possibility of serving conscientiously you and the fatherland.

Your Imperial Majesty's faithful subjects:

Peter Kharitonov	Prince N. Shtcherbatov
Alexander Krivoshein	Alexander Samarin
Serge Sazonov	Count Paul Ignatiev
Peter Bark	Prince V. Shakhovskoy.[29]

The next day, September 4, Mr. Sazonov delivered this letter to the High Marshal of the Court, Count Benckendorff, who transmitted it to the Emperor before evening.[30]

The same evening the Emperor left for Mogilev, the location of the General Headquarters, to assume the supreme command of all the armed forces of Russia.[31] The efforts of the majority of the cabinet ministers, including Count Ignatiev, to dissuade him from taking this fatal step came to no avail.

In the meantime the liberal, progressive, and moderate-conservative forces in the Duma and in the Imperial Council were coming closer together; and on September 7 these groups signed an agreement, creating what came to be known as "the progressive bloc." Since this bloc was composed of almost three hundred deputies out of a total of four hundred and twenty, it formed the majority of the Duma and controlled its attitude.[32] The aim of the bloc was the creation of a constitutional government with a cabinet responsible to the legislature and not to the monarch, as public opinion demanded. The progressive group of ministers, including Count Ignatiev, favoured this step and held an informal meeting at the apartment of the State Comptroller, P. A. Kharitonov, with the leaders of the "progressive bloc" on the day following its formation, i.e., September 8.[33] But the Emperor was thoroughly opposed to the bloc and decided, in retaliation, to prorogue the Duma.[34]

[29]Yakhontov, *Arkhiv Russkoi Revoliutsii*, XVIII, 98; Sazonov, *Vospominania*, 365. Count Ignatiev (Ignatiev Memoirs, 175–6) and Dr. F. A. Golder (*Documents of Russian History, 1914–1917*, New York-London, 1927, 211) both give a very free translation and a different order of the signatures.

[30]Sazonov, *Vospominania*, 366; Ignatiev Memoirs, 176. Florinsky seems to be mistaken when he states: "The letter was drafted and dispatched the same day, September 3 (*The End of the Russian Empire*, 82).

[31]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 176; Ignatiev Memoirs, 177.

[32]*Ibid.*, 181.

[33]Yakhontov, *Arkhiv Russkoi Revoliutsii*, XVIII, 119.

[34]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 181.

At the meeting of the cabinet on September 15, the emotions aroused by a prolonged struggle were manifest. Yakhontov, who attended the secret or closed meetings of the cabinet in his official capacity as assistant secretary of the Council of Ministers, reports:

> The crisis came to the fore. A terrible nervousness is apparent. For many years it has been my privilege to observe the Council of Ministers in an unofficial atmosphere, but I have never seen anything like what took place in this meeting. S. D. Sazonov was particularly perturbed, reaching at the end an almost hysterical stage. When I. L. Goremykin, having adjourned the meeting, was leaving the hall, the Minister of Foreign Affairs declared: "I do not want to say good-bye to this madman or give him my hand!" Thereupon he made his way haltingly toward the exit and I followed him, attempting to support him in case he were to faint. Sazonov seemed to be in a daze like a person who was not aware of his surroundings. In the antechamber he exclaimed: "*Il est fou, ce vieillard*!" and quickly ran out. General Polivanov looked livid and was obviously in a fighting mood, assuming an impossibly ill-mannered attitude toward the Prime Minister. Krivoshein displayed an utterly sad and alarmed countenance. Ignatiev, as was usual for him in moments of stress, furiously ruffled his not too abundant hair.[35]

The result was a foregone conclusion. The Duma was prorogued on September 16 without any comment or previous understanding as to its recall. The desire of some of the leftist members to stage a demonstration was thwarted by the "progressive bloc," which was in the majority, but the pent-up feelings of the Russian public found their expression in the congresses of the zemstvos and towns, which met in Moscow on September 19. Both congresses elected deputations to the Sovereign for the purpose of transmitting their resolutions requesting a change of government. "Naturally," writes Oldenburg, "the Sovereign refused to receive them."[36]

Because of these developments, the gulf which had existed for a long time between the Sovereign and the vocal part of his people was further deepened. In this matter both Emperor Nicholas II and Empress Alexandra were at fault, because they did not take cognizance of the trend of the times; nor did they realize or recognize that by the manifesto of October 30, 1905, the Tsar had definitely limited his powers and had become *de facto* a constitutional monarch.[37]

There were both weakness and strength in the last Emperor of Russia. Much has been written about him. But for the completion of the picture of Count Ignatiev's part in the last years of the monarchy, it will be necessary to recall some salient facts concerning the person-

[35]Yakhontov, *Arkhiv Russkoi Revoliutsii*, XVIII, 128.
[36]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 182.
[37]V. I. Gurko, *Tsar i Tsaritsa* (Paris, n.d.), 34.

ality and psychology of Nicholas II. Count Ignatiev himself gives us a characterization in his memoirs:

> Although he was most intelligent and imbued with a sincere desire to do that which was best for his country, his will power was very weak. He made up his mind with ease and usually along right lines, but if anyone taking a contrary view accentuated the dangers to which his views might lead or pointed out that the time was not opportune to put them into practice, he did not have the courage to take a stand.[38]

To this may be added the words of V. I. Gurko, a former high official in the Imperial Russian Government:

> The weak will of Nicholas II—a generally accepted characteristic—was peculiar and one-sided. It consisted in that he was not able to insist forcibly on the execution by other persons of his expressed wishes; in other words, he did not have the gift to command. This, by the way, explains in most cases his changing of ministers. Unable to force his collaborators to execute obediently his expressed thoughts, he dismissed these men hoping to find in their successors more obedient executors of his wishes. However, if Nicholas II did not know how to impose his will on his collaborators, they, in turn, were never able to change the Tsar's mind or to instil into him their own trend of thought.[39]

And thus, while weak-willed, he was stubborn in the pursuit of his fundamental conception of a tsar. In addition, he possessed a remarkable self-control which was often and erroneously interpreted as indifference.

But long before the war he fell completely under the dominance of Empress Alexandra. An unusual personality, the Empress, much against her intentions, played a fateful role in the last years of the Russian monarchy. Even more so than Nicholas II, Empress Alexandra never realized or recognized the limitations upon the autocratic powers of the tsar which the creation of the Duma and the guarantees of the fundamental liberties implied.

> She loves power [writes a former official of the Russian judiciary] and is ready in the depth of her soul to consider herself equal to Catherine the Great. She interferes in the affairs of government.[40] Often candidates for appointment to cabinet posts presented themselves to her before the final decision. Before the appointment of Alexis Khvostov as Minister of the Interior, the Empress told him: "You will be appointed, but only on the condition of taking as assistant minister Mr. Beletsky.[41] He is the only person who can protect us."[42]

[38]Ignatiev Memoirs, pp. 10–11.
[39]Gurko, *Tsar i Tsaritsa*, 11–12.
[40]See for confirmation her letters to the Tsar (*Pisma*).
[41]A notorious friend of Rasputin. *Padenie*, IV (Moscow-Leningrad, 1926), 322.
[42]A. F. Romanov, "Imperator Nikolai II i Ego Pravitelstvo," *Russkaya Letopis*, II (Paris, 1922), 17.

Gurko adds that in addition to this characteristic, the Empress had "an almost unlimited self-assurance and self-reliance."[43]

No wonder that Count Ignatiev, together with his other progressive colleagues, faced an almost insurmountable problem. They realized that, for better or for worse, the autocratic powers of the Russian monarch had been limited by the Sovereign's own act, while the Emperor and Empress proceeded to behave as if there had never been the manifesto of October 30, 1905, and the subsequent radical change in the whole set-up of Russian political life. A striking illustration of this can be found in Count Ignatiev's description of his audience with the Empress at the time of his appointment to the cabinet.

According to existing regulations I had to present myself to the Empress as soon as I was appointed to my cabinet post in January 1915. I applied then for an audience, but was received only on September 16. This audience made a great impression on me. It took such an unexpected turn that on my return home I wrote down immediately a summary of our conversation.

The Empress received me in her drawing room dressed in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse. The conversation started by her inquiries about my brother, who was then commanding the Preobrazhensky Regiment of the Guards, as well as by her comments about the regiment and the army in general. Then Her Majesty said: "All these fulfill their duties bravely. At the front, the frame of mind is quite different from here—brave and good. It is the same all over Russia except in Petrograd and Moscow, and and there, God only knows what it is. The Duma and the press talk and write in an abominable way. How is it that the Minister of the Interior permits the press to print such things? They also attack me because I am a German. I do not mind this, but they try to hurt the Sovereign. What does the Duma say about the Government? What does it want? What is it aiming at?"

My answer was: "Your Majesty, the Duma looks for an energetic government, not for the absence of such a government."

The Empress continued: "You all attack Mr. Goremykin. He is an honest servant of the Sovereign and is devoted to him. Whom then do they want? Guchkov?[44] He hates the Tsar and aspires for a republic hoping to be its president."

I protested, saying that it was not right to think that Mr. Goremykin had a monopoly of devotion to His Majesty, and that to me, a former soldier of the Preobrazhensky Regiment who had the happiness of serving under His Majesty, it was especially painful to hear such a remark. . . . Without a doubt Mr. Goremykin is a man worthy of every respect, but through his lack of energy, caused probably by his advanced age, he has not been able to preserve that authority over the nation that is so indispensable both to the Duma and to the nation at large.

"Then whom do you want? Guchkov or Rodzianko?"[45]

[43]Gurko, *Tsar i Tsaritsa*, 46.
[44]A. I. Guchkov was a wealthy industrialist and member of the Octobrist party.
[45]M. V. Rodzianko was President of the Duma.

"This is wartime," I replied, "and, perhaps, the best solution would be to call to the head of the government some general with a sufficient amount of popularity who has been brought to the forefront by the war. . . ."

"More courage is the great need of the moment," exclaimed the Empress. "The Minister of the Interior permits too much to be published and too much gossiping. More restrictions and more severity are what is wanted," she added.

"Certainly it would be possible," I said, "to inaugurate a dictatorship and to govern the country in this way in disregard of the regular laws. Such a course is conceivable, but for it, a man is needed with brains and will power, and the most important prerequisite for its being successful is that he shall have at his disposal an army which will blindly follow its commander. But such an army does not exist. The army now, with its huge numbers and present composition, is an armed populace. The old regiments have fallen on the fields of East Prussia, Galicia and Poland. No dictator can rely on this army for a struggle against the tendencies prevailing in the nation. But there is also another way of governing, when the government finds support in organized society, works in unison with the public forces of the country and with all those groups who have something to lose from disorder and who see in such a government their own salvation from the possible dangers of mob rule or foreign invasion. They seek to govern in this way in all other countries, particularly at such a critical historical moment as the present one. . . ."

"The Tsar cannot yield," the Empress uttered icily. "He will only be asked to surrender some more of his powers. Where will it end? What powers will be left to the Tsar?"

"He will always," I answered, "remain our Sovereign and our Tsar. Through the centuries Russia has always revered, loved and trusted its tsars!"

After reiterating her request to help the Prime Minister and my renewed doubts as to its being possible, the Empress said sternly: "You certainly know what is done to a regiment when anything similar to what has happened in the cabinet occurs between its commander and its officers. It is disbanded!"

"It is what we are praying for," was my answer.

The whole conversation lasted about forty-five minutes.[46]

The same day the Empress described this interview in her letter to the Emperor in the following words: "I received Ignatiev (minister) and talked long with him about everything and gave him my opinion about all, they *shall* hear my opinion of them and the Duma. . . . As he is a good man, I know, I launched forth and he I think understood some things more rightly afterwards."[47] But the Empress was mistaken in thinking that she had been able to change Count Ignatiev's mind. Henceforth in her letters to the Emperor she calls him repeatedly "a liberal," "a leftist," "a very leftist" and urges the Tsar to dismiss him.[48]

[46]Ignatiev Memoirs, 181–4. [47]*Pisma*, I, 193. [48]*Ibid.*, II, 32, 43, 50, 237.

About two weeks after his audience with Empress Alexandra, Count Ignatiev, together with his colleagues, journeyed to Mogilev where at General Headquarters a full meeting of the cabinet was held in the presence of the Emperor on September 29.[49] "The session turned out to be a very painful one," writes Count Ignatiev. "The Sovereign read a speech in which he spoke of the need for united work on the part of the whole cabinet, particularly at such a difficult time for the country, and expressed his displeasure at the disagreements between cabinet members. To those of us who had signed the collective letter the Emperor emphasized the irregularity of our action. The tone of the whole speech was one of reprimand, but, alas, the circumstances that had made us take this step were ignored."[50]

In the months to come a gradual change of cabinet ministers took place, the Emperor dismissing mostly those who had signed the letter of September 3, 1915. The first to go were the High Procurator of the Holy Synod, A. D. Samarin, who drafted the famous letter, and Prince N. B. Schtcherbatov, who, as Minister of the Interior, had charge of the secret police and was opposed to Rasputin's influence; and they were followed by A. V. Krivoshein and P. A. Kharitonov.[51] From then on there came such quick and unpredictable changes in the cabinet as to make the rightist member of the Duma (and the real assassin of Rasputin), Vladimir Purishkevich, exclaim: "This is a leap frog of ministers."[52] But to the surprise of many, Count Ignatiev was kept in the cabinet notwithstanding his repeated requests to be relieved of his responsibility. He also continued to follow his set course.

In his first report to the Emperor at General Headquarters after the painful session of the cabinet following the collective letter of the ministers, on October 9, 1915, Count Ignatiev said:

> At the time of my appointment I stated that I was not a politician and not a bureaucrat. . . . At present our domestic policies tend more and more to the protection not of class interests, which might have some solid foundation, but merely of narrow bureaucratic interests. The gulf between the nation and the ruling bureaucracy widens ever more. I cannot travel that road. I have to go contrary to the trend of the government's policy and to seek in my work to unite and rally all the forces of the country around the throne. For, as I had the honor of remarking in my first report, everyone to whom the idea of our realm is dear, who holds

[49]Yakhontov, *Arkhiv Russkoi Revoliutsii*, XVIII, 136; Oldenburg gives the date as September 28 (*Tsarstvovanie*, II, 182).

[50]Ignatiev Memoirs, 178–80.

[51]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 182. Prime Minister Goremykin was finally dismissed on February 2, 1916, General Polivanov on March 26, and S. D. Sazonov on July 23 (*ibid.*, 189, 201, 202 n.).

[52]The writer was present at the session of the Imperial Duma when these words were uttered.

the interests of the fatherland close at heart, is my ally and collaborator, and together we shall work for the good of the country and the glory of the Sovereign.[53]

Count Ignatiev closed his report with a request to be relieved of his post, but the Emperor insisted that "for the sake of Russia" he should stay in the cabinet.[54]

Late in November, 1915, a congress of rightist members of the Duma and of the Imperial Council and of representatives of rightist organizations throughout the country was held in Petrograd.[55] Among its resolutions was one condemning Count Ignatiev's activities and demanding his recall. From then on a regular campaign was organized by the extreme right to remove Count Ignatiev from his cabinet post. Little did they know that Count Ignatiev was striving himself to be relieved of his arduous task; but first of all he wanted the Emperor to know the truth. Consequently, in his report of December 7, he took up the accusations of the right, among which was the claim that the exemptions granted to the Jews were dictated to the cabinet minister by the "progressive bloc" of the Duma. "I had always been ready to listen to the reasonable requests of a majority of the Duma," Count Ignatiev writes, "but in this case the statement was untrue, because the exemptions were granted in July and the 'progressive bloc' of the Duma was formed only in early September."[56]

When on February 2, 1916, the inefficient Prime Minister Goremykin was replaced by B. V. Shturmer, a rightist member of the Imperial Council, Count Ignatiev requested an audience with the Emperor, which was granted two days later.[57] On the previous day he called on the new Prime Minister and asked Mr. Shturmer to consider his post as vacant, informing him that he was going to present his resignation the next day to the Sovereign.[58] To this the new Prime Minister replied: "Do what you want; but I think you will not be permitted to go."[59] And he was right. Thus Count Ignatiev stayed on, but he remarks sadly: "The year 1916, with my working under the prime-ministership of Mr. Shturmer in such a cabinet as this, unfitted for real work, was the most strenuous of my life and undermined my health."[60]

In September, 1916, the Emperor appointed a new acting Minister of the Interior. His choice was A. D. Protopopov, one of the vice-presidents of the Duma and a devotee of Rasputin. It was about him that the Empress wrote: "Protopopov venerates our Friend and will

[53]Ignatiev Memoirs, 188–9.
[54]*Padenie*, VI, 11.
[55]Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 186.
[56]Ignatiev Memoirs, 191.
[57]*Padenie*, VI, 15.
[58]Ignatiev Memoirs, 193.
[59]*Padenie*, VI, 15.
[60]Ignatiev Memoirs, 196.

be blessed."[61] Count Ignatiev clashed with Protopopov when the latter proposed for the approval of the cabinet the transfer of the Department of Food Supply from the Ministry of Agriculture to the Ministry of the Interior. Although the cabinet finally voted in a majority against the proposal, Protopopov did not give up his project, hoping to get it through on the Sovereign's authority, since he was backed by the Empress. Hence, Count Ignatiev took up the fight again when he went to report to the Emperor on November 3.

While fully admitting [he writes in his memoirs] that the Ministry of Agriculture had not shown itself up to this difficult task, I could not agree that such a burning and difficult problem ought to be entrusted to a ministry so unpopular with the people in general, and which was not accustomed to working with the public forces of the country. . . . I pointed out how unnatural it was that the Minister of Public Instruction should be involved in a struggle over a matter of purely internal policy. Then I took once more the opportunity of unfolding the meaning and character of the existing forms of Russian public organizations—the *zemstvo* and the municipalities. "It is only by close cooperation with, and dependence on, them," I said, "that it is possible to organize the rear in support of the front and to lighten for the people in general the burdens laid upon them by the protracted storms of the war. . . . Yet at present everything is done in the opposite direction. . . . Dissatisfaction is growing, and because all is done in the name of the army, this dissatisfaction is gradually extending to the Supreme Commander himself. I do not wish to pose as a prophet, but it seems to me that it needs only a spark to cause a terrible conflagration!" The Tsar did not deny the truth of my apprehensions, but said that everything seems worse in the capital than it is in reality, although certainly all possible measures must be taken to alleviate the burdens borne by the people.[62]

In the meantime at a new session of the Duma on November 14, P. N. Miliukov, leader of the Constitutional-Democratic party, made a vicious though brilliant attack on the Government, repeating again and again the question: "What is it: stupidity or treason?"[63] The temper of the country was getting out of control, but it had not yet produced the spark of which Count Ignatiev had warned his Sovereign. Nevertheless, the Emperor decided to replace Prime Minister Shturmer, who was the principal butt of the Duma attacks. He was dismissed on November 24, 1916,[64] and replaced by A. F. Trepov, the former Minister of Transport. On the day of Trepov's official appointment, December 2, Count Ignatiev was received by the Emperor at General Headquarters. This was one of the most dramatic audiences in his entire career.

[61] *Pisma*, II, 237.
[62] Ignatiev Memoirs, 208–9.
[63] Oldenburg, *Tsarstvovanie*, II, 218.
[64] *Padenie*, VII, 438.

Since the time when I asked for this audience [he told the Emperor], thank God, Russia has been freed from Mr. Shturmer, but is not yet free of Mr. Protopopov. All the members of the cabinet, except a few, are willing to support Mr. Trepov. He has taken the helm strongly in his hands, and everyone is willing to work with him. Mr. Protopopov alone has nothing in common with us. He has parted ways both with the cabinet and with the Duma. . . . Your Majesty, you chose him thinking that, as he was not a bureaucrat, he could be useful as a link with the Duma and the public forces of the country, but the Duma and the public forces have turned their backs on him. . . . You call on all to act in unity, but he wants to save Russia by himself. Instead of uniting with all of us to try to defend Your Majesty, the throne and your family from the mob, he puts you and your family between himself and the mob and asserts quite freely that he has the right to act as he does because of your affection for him. Hence all his mistakes will be placed at the door of Your Majesty. . . .

I ended by saying that I could no more take part in what I consider as a crime or be a partner in the carrying out of policies which are harmful to the throne and the fatherland, and I begged to be relieved of my duties.[65]

Since it was late in the evening, the Emperor asked Count Ignatiev to return the next morning. Perhaps he wanted to ponder over the problem as only a few days before he had received a letter from the Empress, dated November 24, in which she wrote: "Mme. Taneyev said aloud that Ignatiev, Krivoshein and Co. intend breaking Protopopov's neck and will do everything to succeed. *Don't let them.*"[66]

That evening Count Ignatiev made the rounds of all those he knew at General Headquarters in order to persuade them to prevail on the Emperor to remove Protopopov from office. Most of them were sympathetic to his pleas but held little hope for success. General Voyeikov, chief of the Emperor's Own Chancery, expressed the prevailing thought when he said: "*Vous plaidez une cause perdue.*"[67]

Early next morning a special train brought from Tsarskoye Selo the Empress and all the children. Later Mr. Bark, the Minister of Finance, arrived for his regular report. At eleven o'clock, the time fixed by the Emperor the previous night, Count Ignatiev arrived at General Headquarters only to find that the Sovereign was closeted in the General Staff rooms. What followed is best told in Count Ignatiev's own words:

I went for a stroll around the square in front of the house where the Tsar was residing, while waiting for him to come out of the building where the staff was accommodated. I can never forget my meeting in the square with Father George Shavelsky, the chaplain of the army. After greeting me he then and there blessed me with a big sign of the cross, saying: "God help you!"

Not long before mid-day the Tsar came out of the staff building, and when I approached him at the entrance to his residence, reminding him

[65]Ignatiev Memoirs, 217–19.
[66]*Pisma*, II, 238.
[67]Ignatiev Memoirs, 220.

that I had come in fulfillment of his orders, he answered: "I think that we have talked over everything. Come later for lunch and then you can return to Petrograd!"

I went to look for Mr. Bark to tell him of this new development and of my apprehensions. We then went together for lunch at the Emperor's residence and there stood in the reception room opposite the large windows. Soon the room was filled with those who were invited for lunch and those who were to be presented to the Tsar. Then the Empress and the children arrived from their train. The Empress went into the Tsar's study for a moment and then Her Majesty and the children took their place with their backs to the windows facing Mr. Bark and myself. We noticed immediately the displeasure of the Empress with us, since our salute was not acknowledged and we were not called to her as was the custom. Meanwhile many others were presented to her. . . .

During lunch I was seated between two allied military representatives and opposite the Emperor's two elder daughters. It was evident that they were aware of what had happened, since they glanced with curiosity at Mr. Bark and myself and then smiled at each other. The Empress departed immediately after lunch, and we were soon dismissed by the Tsar. I returned to Petrograd with a heavy heart.[68]

Apparently, according to the testimony of S. P. Beletsky, the combined efforts of the reactionary forces supported by N. A. Maklakov, Shturmer, Protopopov, A. A. Vyrubova,[69] Rasputin, and the Empress herself were beginning to prevail over the decision of the Emperor to retain Count Ignatiev in his cabinet post.[70] For a while Count Ignatiev still hoped that a solution to the critical situation in which Russia found itself at the end of 1916 might still be at hand in a strengthening of the authority of the government by granting to Prime Minister Trepov the right to form a cabinet of his own choice and by conferring upon him extraordinary powers. Count Ignatiev had reminded both Tsar and Prime Minister that when, after the stalemate at Plevna during the Russo-Turkish war in 1877–8, Emperor Alexander II decided to be with his army, he gave Count Ignatiev's grandfather and namesake, who was then Russia's prime minister, a *ukaz* (considered secret at the time) which ordered him in the absence of the Sovereign to deal with all internal affairs, appoint all officials, and take all the responsibility of government on his shoulders, referring to the Emperor only in extreme cases. He proposed that Emperor Nicholas II issue a similar *ukaz*, but a public one, to Mr. Trepov "with the addition of a clause instructing him to work in cooperation with the Duma and the Imperial Council."[71] But his hopes were shattered when he learned that Mr. Protopopov was confirmed as Minister of the Interior. He then informed the Prime Minister immediately that he was resigning

[68] *Ibid.*, 221–2.
[69] Lady in waiting to the Empress, who had introduced Rasputin to the court.
[70] *Padenie*, IV, 322–3.
[71] Ignatiev Memoirs, 222.

and asked for an extraordinary audience with the Emperor. He was received in Tsarskoye Selo on January 3, 1917.[72] "I should be a criminal," he began, "if, by virtue of my oath of office, I did not tell Your Majesty how burdened is the soul of every Russian who is devoted to the fatherland and to the Tsar." After reviewing the situation and reiterating his arguments against Protopopov, he continued: "In order that the authority of the Sovereign remain inviolable, all the mistakes and all the responsibilities in the land must be borne by the service men of the Tsar, and may the thought of blame never rise to the throne! Russia is yearning for a strong ruler, but nowhere and especially not in Russia in this twentieth century can a ruler be strong by himself without union with his country."[73] Then he handed to the Emperor his resignation in writing. It read:

Your Imperial Majesty Most Merciful Sovereign!

On December 2, at Your Imperial Majesty's Headquarters I deemed it my duty, imposed upon me by my conscience and my oath, to report about the apprehensions which arose in me in connection with the actions of certain persons and the general course of the country's political life. I implored Your Imperial Majesty not to force me to be an accomplice of those persons whose acts, according to my conscience, I deemed ruinous for the throne and the fatherland.

In the firm conviction that only a governmental authority, united by a common conception of the state, an understanding of basic aims of government and the ways to achieve them, could be useful to Your Imperial Majesty and to the fatherland, I deem it my duty, as a loyal subject, humbly to beg Your Imperial Majesty to relieve me of the unbearable burden of having to serve against the dictates of my conscience.

Believe me, Sovereign, that I am forced to implore for this mercy because of my loyalty, inherited from my ancestors and tested by centuries, to the fundamental principles of unity of Tsar and people, on the basis of which the might of the Russian realm was founded and grew strong.

Even removed from a direct participation in the affairs of government, I shall remain, according to the precepts and example of my father, the same faithful servant of Your Majesty, the throne, and the fatherland!

Your Imperial Majesty's faithful subject and servant,

Master of the Horse, Count Paul Ignatiev[74]

In his memoirs Count Ignatiev relates that after reading the document, the Tsar was visibly moved. Following some moments of profound silence, the Emperor lifted his eyes and said: "Do not be perturbed. Go on with your useful work. Your resignation will remain with me in my desk."[75] With these words the Emperor opened a drawer in his desk and deposited Count Ignatiev's written resignation in it.

[72] *Padenie*, VI, 23.
[73] Ignatiev Memoirs, 223–4.
[74] *Padenie*, VI, 26.
[75] Ignatiev Memoirs, 225.

Six days later, on January 9, 1917, Count Ignatiev learned from a newspaper reporter, who telephoned him, that the Emperor had promulgated a *ukaz* dismissing him as Minister of Public Instruction. The *ukaz* was not accompanied by the customary letter from the Tsar to the dismissed minister—an Imperial Rescript—nor was Count Ignatiev appointed to the Imperial Council or given an advancement in rank. This was a marked sign of displeasure, an unwarranted attitude on the part of Emperor Nicholas II toward his faithful minister who held his important job during two gruelling years of war and internal intrigue. In the words of Sir Bernard Pares, the late eminent British expert on Russian affairs: "Such was the exit of possibly the best Minister of Public Instruction that Russia had had."[76]

Count Ignatiev tried, like Stolypin before him, but without the authority of the office of prime minister enjoyed by the latter, to save the monarchy of Emperor Nicholas II against that sovereign's stubborn resistance. As in the case of Stolypin, Count Ignatiev's "task of saving the Sovereign was the task of saving a drowning person who sees an enemy in his saviour."[77]

One remaining question which comes to the fore is why Emperor Nicholas II kept Count Paul Ignatiev in his post despite the latter's repeated requests to be relieved of his burden and despite the opposition to him from the most influential groups, including the Empress, then surrounding the Tsar of Russia. Count Ignatiev advanced the theory that he was retained so long in his cabinet post because the Emperor had a weakness for officers of the Preobrazhensky Regiment, of which he was the colonel at his accession to the throne, and in which Count Ignatiev had served and been personally known to the Sovereign at the time of his service.[78] But I venture another theory. I believe that Emperor Nicholas II liked frankness and not servility, and that he trusted Count Ignatiev's opinions instinctively; but, being a man of weak will and changeable character, he finally succumbed to the pressure exercised upon him to the detriment of Russia, of his dynasty, of the principle of constitutional monarchy and at the expense of his own life and that of his family.

As for Count Ignatiev, he survived his Sovereign by many years. Elected president of the Russian Red Cross after the fall of the monarchy, he eventually made his way abroad, living first in England, then in Paris, and finally moving to Canada where he died on August 12, 1945.

[76]Bernard Pares, *The Fall of the Russian Monarchy* (New York, 1939), 411.
[77]V. A. Maklakov, *Vtoraya Gosudarstvennaya Duma* (Paris, n.d.), 252.
[78]*Padenie*, VI, 6.

APPENDIX

Count Paul Ignatiev had a distinguished ancestry. His cousin relates that "the Ignatiev family is descended from an ancient line of boyars of Chernigov whose ancestor, boyar Biakont, entered the service of the Moscow princes in 1340. One of Biakont's sons was the well-known metropolitan of Moscow, Alexis, who started the building of the first stone walls of the Kremlin in 1366. . . . My grandfather, Paul Nikolaievich Ignatiev, was created a count by Emperor Alexander II on July 31, 1878. [According to *Russky Biografichesky Slovar*, VIII (St. Petersburg, n.d.), 57, the date was December 24, 1877, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Emperor Alexander I, in whose reign Ignatiev started his service.] . . . One day or, more precisely, one morning—December 26, 1825—had a decisive influence on my grandfather's whole life. As my grandmother related, my grandfather, a well-educated officer, lived in the midst of the future Decembrists. . . . However, on the eve of that memorable day he had a long interview with his mother, who made him take a solemn oath that he would be reasonable and would not oppose the authority of the new emperor. So when the next day the harassed Nicholas I appeared on the steps of the Winter Palace nearest to Millionnaya Street, the first military unit to arrive on the Palace Square for the support of the new tsar was the First, so-called "Tsar's Company" of the Preobrazhensky Regiment of the Guards, whose barracks were on Millionnaya Street. It was commanded by Captain Ignatiev, who was then and there created aide-de-camp by the new emperor." (A. A. Ignatiev, *Piatdesiat let v stroiu*, I-II, Moscow, 1941, 7–8.)

The first Count Ignatiev, Paul Nikolayevich, was born June 18, 1797. Unlike so many of his contemporaries in military service, he was a graduate of the University of Moscow. He entered military service as a subaltern officer in the Preobrazhensky Regiment of the Guards on November 26, 1814. After the incident described above, he rose rapidly in the armed forces, and on June 6, 1834, with the rank of general, he was appointed director of the exclusive military school for nobles, the Corps of Pages, in which post he remained for twelve years. On December 18, 1846, he was made a general aide-de-camp and on September 7, 1852, he was appointed member of the Imperial Council. On November 10, 1854, in the midst of the Crimean War, he was appointed Military Governor-General of St. Petersburg. On January 29, 1855, he was named Grand Officer of the Order of St. Alexander Nevsky and on May 24, 1857, the Grand Cross First Class of the Order of St. Vladimir was bestowed upon him. On April 24, 1859, he was promoted to the rank of General of the Armies. A widower after his first marriage to a wealthy young girl of the merchant class, Mary Maltsov, he married Princess Catherine Golitsyn on June 14, 1862. Five years later, on April 9, 1867, on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary as an officer, he received the highest decoration of the Russian Empire, the Order of St. Andrew-the-First-Called (a decoration specially reserved for members of the Imperial family). On March 10, 1872, he was appointed President of the Committee of Ministers, the equivalent of prime minister, which post he held until his death on January 1, 1880. (*Russky Biografichesky Slovar*, VIII, 56–7.)

His son, Nicholas Pavlovich, born January 29, 1832, made a name for himself. After graduating from the Corps of Pages and being commissioned in the Regiment of the Hussars of the Guards, he entered the Academy of the General Staff, from which he graduated with honours in 1851. After service as military attaché in London and Paris, he was commissioned a major-general at the age of twenty-seven and a year later, after a brilliant mission to China, was made a general aide-de-camp. In 1864 he was appointed Ambassador to Turkey, where he espoused the cause of the Southern Slavs, and later, during the Russian-Turkish War, drafted the Treaty of San Stefano. A member of the Imperial Council from 1877, he was Minister of the Interior in the first cabinet of Emperor Alexander III from May, 1881, to May, 1882, (*Entsiklopedichesky Slovar Brockhaus-Efron*, XII, 785). He was an outstanding Slavophile and died in 1908 (*Entsiklopedichesky Slovar Granat*, XXI, 429).

THE HERO AS ENGINEER*

F. H. UNDERHILL

Everywhere in the United States one can see signs of a revival of conservatism. Last November it brought a conservative president to the White House again after twenty years of New Dealism. But the revival goes much further than that. While conservatism had dominated American politics and business in the post-war decade of the 1920's, it is evident that in American intellectual and cultural life generally the whole generation from the 1890's to the 1930's had been in revolt. Now it is the rest of the world in Europe and Asia which is in upheaval, while America has become the great conservative community of the mid-twentieth century. American historians at the meetings of their learned societies now hold sessions on the new vogue for conservatism in historical and political writing. All this gives a special interest to the career of the last conservative president. And Mr. Hoover has just published three stout volumes of memoirs which are clearly intended to be an *apologia pro vita sua*. He has provided more material, perhaps, than he intended which the discerning reader can use in forming a judgment on the adequacy of a conservative philosophy in our present age of crisis.

The three volumes were written bit by bit at various times from the middle of World War I to the present. Volume I, which deals with his life as an engineer down to 1914—he was just forty years old in August, 1914—and with his administration of Belgian relief during the war, is by far the most attractive of the three. It is written mostly by a comparatively young man, at the height of his powers, proud of his profession and its beneficent function in the modern world, proud of the humanitarian services of America during the war. Volume II is on his career as a public administrator under Harding and Coolidge and as president. It is more in the nature of a trustee's accounting of his trusteeship, piling up the factual evidence of his constructive activities. Volume III is about the crisis of the Depression. In a bitter argumentative spirit Mr. Hoover fights all his old fights over again to prove that he was right and his critics wrong, that if his countrymen had only followed him in his efforts to save "the American system" their condition would have been much better than it became when they were bewitched by the false doctrines imported from Europe

**The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover: Years of Adventure, 1874–1920; The Cabinet and the Presidency, 1920–1933; The Great Depression, 1929–1941.* New York: The Macmillan Company [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited]. 1951; 1952; 1952. Pp. xii, 496; xiv, 405; xvi, 503. $5.75; $6.25; $5.75.

by Roosevelt and his Brain Trust. This last volume is anything but attractive. Everyone is out of step but our Herby. His sour self-righteousness repels the reader. It never occurs to him that there might possibly be some deficiencies in the intellectual and spiritual resources which he brought to the overwhelming task of meeting the Depression. Indeed, the intellectual historian of the future will find volumes II and III a veritable gold mine of delectable quotations when he is looking for illustrations of the limitations of the engineering mind in the chaos of the second quarter of the twentieth century.

Mr. Hoover is proud of his profession of engineering. His honesty, and his contempt for the low moral standards of American speculative investment bankers in the 1920's, make one sorry that he never seems to have read Veblen on the subject of engineers and financiers. He is always snorting with impatience at the bureaucrats, with their organization charts and their piles of paper. And his own early career justifies his praise of engineering as a creative profession.

> Within my lifetime engineering has been transformed from a trade into a profession. It was the American universities that took engineering away from rule-of-thumb-surveyors, mechanics and Cornish foremen, and lifted it into the realm of application of science, wider learning in the humanities with the higher ethics of a profession ranking with law, medicine and the clergy. . . . But he who would enter these precincts as a life work must have a test taken of his imaginative faculties, for engineering without imagination sinks to a trade. . . . It is a great profession. There is the fascination of watching a figment of the imagination emerge through the aid of science to a plan on paper. Then it moves to realization in stone or metal or energy. Then it brings jobs and homes to men. Then it elevates the standards of living and adds to the comforts of life. . . . Once lawyers were the only professional men whose contacts with the problems of government led them on to positions of public responsibility. From the point of view of accuracy and intellectual honesty the more men of engineering background who become public officials, the better for representative government.

Hoover lived in England for some time before World War I and his remarks on the English seem almost perfect.

> Pre-war England was the most comfortable place in which to live in the whole world. That is, if one had the means to take part in its upper life. . . . The differences between America and Britain were deeper than those between the individual citizens. We had grown three hundred years apart in a new setting. . . . The British were governed by a large oligarchy . . . [with] complete belief in breeding and superiority. And that superiority, no matter how politely impressed, was felt equally over Americans, Colonials and "natives" in general. The oligarchy was democratic within its own ranks. It was the most intelligent and effective governing oligarchy the world has ever seen. . . . Yet, when the interest of

"the Empire" was involved, often the end justified the means. Probably the most amusing thing about the foreign policies to an American was the unction with which the British could wrap up any transaction for "the Empire" in moral clothes. . . . But I would rather have an Englishman's mere confirmation letter of a verbal agreement than the most elaborate contract with any other European national.

Hoover also had the kind of experience all over the world that should have given him a wider outlook than most North Americans ever achieve. At the age of twenty-three he was sent by an English engineering firm to Australia to supervise some gold-mining enterprises. Two years later he married just before going to China for the same firm at a salary of $20,000 a year plus expenses (twenty thousand 1899 dollars). He and his wife were among the whites besieged in Tientsin by the Boxers. Shortly before 1914—by this time he was working for himself—he was in Siberia developing new mines there. If it had not been for the war, he tells us, he would have been earning the largest engineering fees known to man. He threw all this up for his great unpaid humanitarian work in Belgium, and after that he spent fourteen years as a government official in Washington. Perhaps he was too successful in early life. "There was the sheer joy of creating productive enterprises, of giving jobs to men and women, of fighting against the whims of nature and correcting the perversities and the incompetence of men." But success bred a kind of unconscious hubris in the engineer's mind. He never seemed to learn that politics requires a more complex and subtle mind than engineering. He never seemed to learn the deeper wisdom and tolerance and humility which come to the greatest statesmen from dealing with all sorts of men.

His experiences in the outer world brought him back to America a pronounced anti-European. "I returned from abroad steeped with two ideas: first, that through three hundred years America had developed something new in a way of life of a people, which transcended all others of history; and second, that out of the boiling social and economic caldron of Europe, with its hates and fears, rose miasmic infections, which might greatly harm or even destroy what seemed to me the hope of the world." For him henceforth the world was divided into a "We" group and a "They" group. And as time went on he found more and more faults in the They group. The selfishness and the stupidity of European politicians, especially of the French, impress him more and more. This attitude he contrasts with the idealism of the Americans, and it never seems to have occurred to him that American diplomacy was moved by selfish national interests in the peace-making and in the aftermath as much as was European diplomacy. He refers

several times through the twenties and thirties to "the usual European practice of blaming Uncle Sam for their own failures"; and then turns to an elaborate explanation that his leadership had practically delivered the United States from the crisis brought about by the Wall Street crash of October, 1929, when the European collapse of 1931 undid all his good work. He spends many pages on the evil international effect of European loans in the cheap American money market of the 1920's; but the evil international effects of the Smoot-Hawley tariff do not seem to have impressed him. Mr. Hoover is not an ignorant demagogue, but this makes his chapters all the more striking as illustrations of American Midwestern isolationism.

More striking still is another aspect of his philosophy. "I was determined [in the 1928 presidential election] that the Republican party should draw the issue of the American system as opposed to all forms of collectivism." This determination became stronger as "the wounds of the Depression opened our flesh deeply to collectivist infections from Europe." So he wrote his last two volumes—"to support the American people in their own true philosophy of life and to present the consequences of turning away from it." "All through the 1932 campaign something was in the air far more sinister than even the miasmatic climate of depression or a political campaign. I was convinced that Roosevelt and some members of his Brain Trust were proposing to introduce parts of the collectivism of Europe into the United States under their oft-repeated phrase 'planned economy.'" Their purpose involved "the pouring of a mixture of socialism and fascism into the American System." And the last part of volume III is taken up with a long tirade against every aspect of the New Deal. The "Planned Economy," he says, was an emanation from the caldrons of all three European collectivist forms—socialism, communism, and fascism.

Actually a good many of his criticisms of New Deal policies have substance to them. But the rigidity of his mind leads him to define as socialism or fascism any measure of state activity going beyond what he thinks proper. And he reaches fantastic extremes in personal criticism of the Roosevelt group. They were stirring up class warfare in the most classless country in the world. The bank crisis of March, 1933, was deliberately brought about by Roosevelt in order to justify emergency actions. And so on, and so on. His bitter tone, his exaggerations, his inability to forget personal grievances or to achieve the serenity that is supposed to accompany old age—all this defeats his own purpose in writing his memoirs.

The last volume is generally a sad exhibition. One can say for the

Hoover type of conservatism that at least it contrasts favourably with the contemporary Eisenhower type in its clarity and its freedom from mushy, emotional double-talk. But as one comes to the end of the third volume one feels that the great engineer has pretty well reached the state of that Quaker "Aunt" Hannah of whom he tells in the first pages of volume I. At one time, moved in meeting, Aunt Hannah rose to denounce a proposal of the youngsters that they should have singing in Sabbath school and use the meeting-house for recreational purposes. "She was bitter in her warnings of the wrath to come, and as a peroration made the prophecy that if these things came to pass 'this edifice dedicated to God will some day be transformed into a place of abomination.' " The nearest that Mr. Hoover can come to a state of cheerfulness at the end of his work, as he reflects that America was all but transformed into a place of abomination under the New Deal, is his conclusion: "that the American system has survived at all is proof of its vitality."

A CLASSICAL *FESTSCHRIFT** G. M. KIRKWOOD

This is, I think, the first offering of "studies in honour" in the history of Canadian classical studies. Therefore even those who grumble that there are too many *Festschriften* in these days should be willing to accept this volume without cavil. And it will be generally agreed that there could be no more fitting recipient for this signal honour than Gilbert Norwood, whose vigorous scholarship exerts a profound influence on humane studies both in and outside of Canada, and whose interests span the field of classical antiquity and extend far beyond it too. To this range of interests (concrete evidence of which is provided by the list of Professor Norwood's published writings, pp. xi-xvii) the general nature of the present collection neatly corresponds. There are essays on Greek literature (epic, lyric, tragedy, comedy, the novel, patristics), history, and philosophy; on Latin literature (epic, lyric, satire, the essay), and Roman history; on ancient religion; on general topics ("Metaphor, Ancient and Modern," by H. J. Rose, and "On an Underestimated Feature of Language," by Joshua Whatmough); and, closing the volume, two essays on later European literature, both with a classical tinge: on the devlopment of the Helena theme in Goethe's *Faust*, by Barker Fairley, and on Milton's *Epita-*

**Studies in Honour of Gilbert Norwood*. Edited by MARY E. WHITE. *The Phoenix*, Journal of the Classical Association of Canada, Supplementary Volume I; Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1952. Pp. xviii, 278. $5.00.

phium Damonis and *Lycidas* and their relation to the tradition of pastoral poetry, by A. S. P. Woodhouse.

The contributors are friends, colleagues, and former students of Professor Norwood. They include some of the most eminent and established names in contemporary classical scholarship, but there is a good representation also of younger Canadian scholars. A volume by different writers with different interests is bound to have the qualities of a miscellany, with its attendant disadvantages. The sensible organization by groups (Greek studies, Latin studies, essays on general and non-classical subjects) diminishes to some degree the *pot-pourri* effect, by giving the book as a whole a sort of panoramic continuity. A second inherent difficulty has been less satisfactorily solved: the combination of two conflicting, though separately laudable aims—a reasonable degree of inclusiveness (there are thirty essays), and the avoidance of excessive over-all length—has led to a rather extreme brevity in some cases. I do not intend a general criticism of the intrinsic quality of the short essays; but some of them are so restricted in scope as to be no more than notes on a single sentence or phrase. Such minutiae lack substance, however interesting they may be to the specialist.

But there is far more in this book to admire than to complain of. I have already indicated the variety of its subject-matter; there is also a pleasing variety in the temper of the essays. There are some that any reader with an interest in literature, even if his equipment of classical learning is light, will read with easy pleasure: examples are H. J. Rose's remarks on metaphor, Gilbert Bagnani's delightful comment on the *Banquet of Trimalchio* ("And Passing Rich . . ."), and E. A. Havelock's provocative conjecture that the real reason for Socrates' trial was a crucial matter of educational policy in Athens ("Why was Socrates Tried?"). One might add to this group G. M. A. Grube's "The Gods of Homer," and Kathleen Freeman's speculations on the circumstances underlying a speech of Antiphon ("The Mystery of the *Choreutes*"). More specialized, but of high interest (to mention only a few), are R. J. Getty's clever astronomical and astrological comments on the opening lines of Virgil's *Georgics I* ("Liber et Alma Ceres"), Leonard Woodbury's scholarly treatment of a vexed passage in Theognis ("The Seal of Theognis"), and three interesting papers on Horace, each quite different from the others in approach: E. T. Salmon's topographical study of *Satires* 1.9, W. Leonard Grant's description of elegiac themes in the *Odes*, and H. L. Tracy's essay on thought-sequence in the *Odes*. Representing that branch of scholarship for which Gilbert Norwood is perhaps best known, dramatic criticism,

S. M. Adams's sensitive structural analysis of Aeschylus' *Persians* ("Salamis Symphony") deserves special mention.

There is not room for detailed comment, and further enumeration would serve little purpose. The essays mentioned are a sample of the high level of scholarship throughout. Great credit is due to Mary E. White and her fellow editors of *The Phoenix*, and to the University of Toronto Press, for producing a dignified and graceful tribute to a distinguished scholar.

APPRAISALS OF JAMES AND CONRAD* — WILLIAM BLISSETT

The titles of these books are revealing. Mr. Douglas Hewitt chooses to call his book *Conrad: A Reassessment*. The first chapter and the last two establish the critic's methods and assert his conclusions; the rest of the book is devoted to a "reassessment" of Conrad's chief works, one by one. Conrad is praised for the "complexity and unity" of his tragic vision and for the "integrity of its presentation" in his best writings, but the book is disciplined by a Cantabrian high seriousness and marked on every page by a determination that the novelist shall not be allowed to get away with anything. Miss Elizabeth Stevenson calls her study of Henry James *The Crooked Corridor*—as deliberately "creative" a title as Mr. Hewitt's was deliberately "critical." The serious young American, in revolt against the style and point of view of the learned journals, strives for imagination and artistry in criticism; the serious young Englishman, in revolt against the graceful vacuity of the appreciative review-essay, sets out to be businesslike.

Quoting a letter of James to Mrs. Humphry Ward in which the phrases occur, Miss Stevenson says, "The 'crooked corridor' leads at last to the 'Presence'. . . . To appreciate James with justice . . . one should undergo some of his labor, one should trace the working of certain of the difficult means. One should follow the 'corridor' to its destination, which James called the 'logical centre.' " This she attempts to do in her book, and it is this attempt, this act of submission, which enables her to make a great many intelligent and perceptive remarks about the novels as stories. Just occasionally the exhilaration of following James's creative processes fires the critic to a misplaced creativity of her own, as, for example, where she says of the old gentleman, "James was a camp follower of ideas. He could use any one that he could

**The Crooked Corridor: A Study of Henry James.* By ELIZABETH STEVENSON. New York: The Macmillan Company [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited]. 1949. Pp. 172. $3.50

Conrad: A Reassessment. By DOUGLAS HEWITT. Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes [Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd.]. 1952. Pp. viii, 141. $2.50

understand. And comprehension did not in his case mean being for or against the idea." While otherwise to be commended for having written a whole book—and one on James at that—without once deferring to Mr. T. S. Eliot, Miss Stevenson might have saved herself an infelicity by recalling the remark about a sensibility so fine that no idea could violate it.

The "phases" or "manners" of James are well differentiated, especially in the selection and discussion of three descriptive passages (pp. 153–4); but I detect something of the idolatry of the high opus number—that mystery religion of the modern intellectual, given its mystique by J. W. N. Sullivan's treatment of Beethoven's last quartets and practised by interpreters of Shakespeare's last plays, Rilke's last poems, and James's last novels, which Miss Stevenson recommends as "old wine in new symbolic bottles." I agree that the last three completed novels are in many respects James's best work, but can see little basis for an assertion that *The Sense of the Past* and *The Ivory Tower* are "both potentially greater than anything that had preceded them"—nor (at least in the case of the first mentioned) can Miss Stevenson when she comes down to an analysis of them.

In almost all its specific exposition and criticism—the two operations usually being done together with economy and precision—the book is admirable. About its central thesis I am, however, a little dubious. Perhaps it is a matter of terminology: where Miss Stevenson says that the theme of James's work is the individual in relation to society, I would use the words "soul" and "world."

Mr. Hewitt, though following a straighter course of his own (not his author's) charting, likewise makes valuable observations—about Conrad's dream world, about his use of thematic symbols, about the obtuseness of his conception of "East" and "West" in *Under Western Eyes*. But far more than *The Crooked Corridor* his book stands or falls by the validity of its central thesis—that Conrad misjudged his own work and that its quality declines after *The Secret Sharer*. In my judgment the positive half of the thesis is sustained: something of Conrad's vision in such major works as *The Heart of Darkness* and *Nostromo* is displayed by close analysis. When he comes to the later novels, however, Mr. Hewitt is not able to define their inferiority, but keeps helplessly repeating two words of contempt—"rhetoric," to mean bad writing, and "romance," to mean false feeling. Both these words after their centuries of honourable service deserve better of a critic.

Moreover, though a falling-off in quality is undeniable in the later novels, I think a few extra pages might have been added to this very short book to show some continuity as well as decline in Conrad's art.

The treatment of *Victory* most especially is vitiated by the critic's having passed from the defence to the attack. Mr. Hewitt speaks of the reader's sense of Heyst's flaw being "swamped by the response of admiration which he receives as a man who is in touch with the beauty and tranquillity of the islands"; and he quotes descriptive passages. But he does not quote the passage in the first chapter which robs the scene of all mystery and "romance" by stressing the shallowness of the tepid ocean and by comparing the smoking volcano with Heyst's cigar, nor yet the integral (rather than "rhetorical") symbolism of the statement that Heyst's only companions were the shadows of clouds. And when Heyst must be convicted by any standard of indulging in "rhetoric," Mr. Hewitt says, "we echo Lena's comment: 'You are putting it on,'" seemingly forgetting that Conrad supplied Lena with the comment. As for the objection to the black-and-white of the characters, here, I think, is where a more adequate conception of romance would have produced better criticism. Conrad emerges from this study a figure to be reckoned with, but still to be reckoned with.

STUDIES IN GOETHE* — H. BOESCHENSTEIN

The Fortunes of Faust, by Miss Butler, is a richly stratified book. To do justice to it one would have to apply as many critical methods as it turns facets towards us. Its basic and broad foundation amounts, almost of necessity, to a survey of all the Faust-texts, from the Spiess Faust-book of 1587 down to Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus* published in 1947. There is, at present, no better history of this particular slice of *Motivgeschichte*, of the Faust-theme, extant. Both in completeness and in concise, though searching, characterization of a vast number of works, Miss Butler has easily outdistanced her English, French, and German rivals, and whatever her own bias or final evaluation does to the material, she strives hard and manages admirably to make first of all the objective qualities of her texts translucent. If we were to mention one exception it would be *Fausts Leben* by Klinger, where the author fails to consult the Epilogue to clarify—or to deepen—her

**The Fortunes of Faust.* By E. M. BUTLER. Cambridge: at the University Press [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada]. 1952. Pp. xviii, 365. $6.50

Goethe the Alchemist: A Study of Alchemical Symbolism in Goethe's Literary and Scientific Works. By RONALD D. GRAY. Cambridge: at the University Press [Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada]. 1952. Pp. x, 312. $6.75

Fifty Years with Goethe, 1901–1951. By A. R. HOHLFELD. Madison, Wisc.: The University of Wisconsin Press [Toronto: Burns & MacEachern]. 1953. Pp. xiv, 400. $6.25

Goethe's World: As Seen in Letters and Memoirs. Edited by BERTHOLD BIERMANN. London: Peter Owen Limited [Toronto: The Copp Clark Co. Limited]. 1951 [1952]. Pp. xxiv, 422[4]. $5.00

uneasy feeling of rational and anti-rational ambiguity, of a *Faust* at once revolutionary and reactionary. Impressive as the historical part of her work is—and to call it simply a collection of widely scattered and partly remote documents would do her less than justice—her aim is to accept the challenge of the theme and interpret it in terms of its religious, philosophical, and psychological implications.

But while she was undoubtedly wise in circumventing the German habit of Procrustean imperiousness, Miss Butler seems to have delayed unduly long the process of viewing or reviewing her Faustian heroes with a critical eye. A few hints, dispersed throughout the book, as to the ultimate way in which things will be assessed are not very helpful, either in revealing her criteria or in imposing a more definite order than that provided by chapter headings. The latter serve at best as a sort of preliminary classification; the Lutheran Fausts, English Fausts, Hybrid Fausts of the first three chapters cannot be meant to form part of a systematic treatment, even if they are all covered by the description Traditional Fausts and followed by Brave New Fausts, Interim Fausts, Post-Goethean Fausts. Nor do such sub-titles as Escaping Fausts, Storm-Tossed Fausts, Forgotten Fausts, A lucky Faust, Womanizing Fausts, among many others, focus attention on essential principles of criticism. Despite the sparkling and spirited versatility of her approach, the reader, grateful as he may be for novel ways of interpretation, cannot help flashing many a question-mark across Miss Butler's pages. All her fireworks will not make him forget that the revelation of critical standards is still lacking. For this we have to wait almost to the end, where we are told that the Faust-theme illustrates, in the main, the devaluation of magic into witchcraft, or the defeat of tragic mythology by ritual optimism and by the final blow of rationalism. This dénouement comes somewhat as a surprise, even if we did not expect that Miss Butler would try the obvious and establish the unity of her theme in a growing detachment from narrow dogma and in an increasing faith in man's abilities.

Such straws as we are able to pick up on our way through the book make it clear that Miss Butler looks askance at a progressive movement, but there are flickering indications to the effect that her final verdict will be based on Faust's inability to steer clear of modern trends, a view which we can understand even if we do not share it. The thought of witchcraft being the arch-villain, the corroding influence working through Faust on the destruction of ritual magic, never occurred to us. At this point one must remember that *The Fortunes of Faust* forms the third volume of a series in which the second is called *Ritual Magic*. Here Miss Butler has deposited the key to her Faust evaluation. A

miniature replica of it presented in the opening chapter of the present book would make the latter much more readable. Not that we would have been won over to her strict censures, but we would have derived greater enjoyment from her lively presentation of the material in question, and from her astute comments on it.

The inclusion of Miss Butler's book in a collective review of works on Goethe is justifiable on more than one count. The semantics of the term "Faust" are such that, regardless of whether the allusion is to 1587 or 1947, our thoughts are irresistibly drawn to Goethe. It is a question whether even Miss Butler would have cared to collect all the spokes of the Faustian wheel, were it not for the fact that Goethe has provided the hub into which they can—and must—be fitted. And though she tries hard to detract from his glory and to allot some of it to Grabbe and Lenau, she does not deny the central position held by Goethe's *Faust,* withholding no praise for its poetic excellence and almost, but not quite, yielding to its bracing worldly message.

Moreover, Miss Butler seems to be partly responsible for the origin of *Goethe the Alchemist*—she announces this work in her own book as forthcoming and trusts that it will go far towards making us realize the extent to which Goethe carried over his early studies of alchemy into his mature works. For once it is no hyperbole to say that the author of the volume thus heralded, R. D. Gray, has left no stone unturned to make good the promise—his own and that of his teacher. Fortunately for us, though not for him, his work illustrates the apprehensive statement which Miss Butler forgot to eliminate from her book: " . . . when alchemy comes in at the door, poetry flies out of the window." Startling as the apposition of the words in the book's title may appear to be, it is surprising that it was never ventured before. Have we not had such combinations as Goethe and Sports, or Goethe and the Generals! The fact that Goethe, when convalescing at Frankfurt in 1769 associated with friends who dabbled in chemical experiments and put their noses into alchemical books is taken as a good enough reason for installing heavy wiring at both ends. Once Fräulein von Klettenberg's apartment has been connected with all the medieval furnaces and bellows and every poetic image and expression of Goethe turned into a conductor, things can be expected to happen. Throw the switch, and Goethe's scientific and literary works become aglow with alchemy. Under cover of darkness, or at any rate of that semi-obscurity in which the naïve vocabulary of a poet overlaps so often with the concrete forms of naïve, semi-scientific, or fantastic thinking, the author is able to slip in the odd notion of Goethe's having recourse to alchemy. Yet all it requires to restore the true qualities of Goethe's mind is to

remember that he was ever intent on clarity and purposefulness. In fairness to Mr. Gray it must be said that at times he is almost willing to concede defeat. He knows Goethe so very well and alchemy too well to insist on more than the most casual connection between the two. At times, however, he makes deplorable concessions, the worst one when he calls Homunculus—his birth as well as his life—entirely alchemical, as if this artificial creation were not turned almost at once into the most superb apotheosis of natural living. A better title—*Goethe and Alchemy*, for instance—would have spared Mr. Gray his embarrassment. He might then have been content to lay bare the tenuous line running from the one to the other.

A. R. Hohlfeld, Emeritus Professor of German at the University of Wisconsin, had the advantage of a long harvest of Goethe studies from which he could fill the present volume. Of some of these articles it can be said that they have not aged, though they may have gathered some dust, as book reviews especially are bound to do, but there are many others which have gained in lustre. Their re-publication can do much for younger scholars by setting them right on the perennially controversial issue of Faust's death and salvation. For Professor Hohlfeld, if he has patience with those who read gloom and despair into the *Faust* finale, shows no mercy for their arguments. In fact, he counters these with what might be termed irrefutable evidence of the striving, achieving, and divine approbation of Faust. His essay on Faust's exit from this world, long known for its trenchant diction and succinct reasoning, to say nothing of its vital perceptiveness, reads as convincingly as ever. Goethe's growing interest in and preference for the Anglo-Saxon way of life, prompted by the pragmatism and social interest of the English and Americans, are here brought into line with Faust's development in Act V, in particular with his reclamation scheme and the building of settlements. Professor Hohlfeld rightly assumes that it would be strange logic if Goethe were condemning Faust for doing what he considered to be the great distinction of those pioneering nations; and he corroborates this optimistic view with detailed references to style and events. To this article the author has added a continuation—his final contribution to Goethe criticism—a radiant emanation again of faith in life and approval of intelligent social activity. This essay ends on a subtle point which was raised in his first paper but is now thrown into high relief. The author suggests that Goethe was taking his German countrymen to task for their inveterate preoccupation with philosophy and theory, at the expense of practical endeavours. The meaning of *Faust*, whatever its universal significance may be, must also be sought in its function as a corrective

of the German aversion to reality. What Professor Hohlfeld fails to add, in the light of recent outbursts of German energies, is that Goethe was thinking of controlled and socially useful practical endeavours—but this is a matter of course for one so well acquainted with Goethe as Professor Hohlfeld is. For both English and German audiences he has on occasion attempted to underscore the continuing fruitfulness of Goethe's life and works. It is to be hoped that he is right in assuming that we are only now beginning to understand Goethe and to be moulded by him.

For those who are separated by language barriers from the spring of Goethean inspiration, Berthold Biermann's volume, composed of letters and memoirs in English translation, should prove a helpful initiation. In many other cases such documents are often but faint echoes of personalities; but in this case the documents lead, in the orbit of Goethe's striving, right to the font of his wisdom and experience, by short and easy paths.

ENGLAND'S GOLDEN AGE OF SONG* — H. S. Wilson

In his important study, Professor Hallett Smith has surveyed the major poetic kinds (exclusive of the drama) which were practised by the poets of the time England's greatest poetic and musical energy, the age of Queen Elizabeth I. The book is not intended as a complete chronological survey of Elizabethan non-dramatic poetry but as a selective and critical account of the variety and magnitude of the Elizabethan poetic achievement outside of the theatre. Each of the six chapters deals with a distinct category of Elizabethan poetry—pastoral, Ovidian poetry, the sonnets, satire, poetry for music, heroic poetry—and with due observance of Elizabethan literary decorum, Professor Smith has varied his critical method in each chapter to suit the needs of each particular kind of poetry with which he deals. The result is an admirable contribution to the critical appreciation of the great body of Elizabethan poetry, incisive, apt, illuminating from many different points of view, a remarkable compound of learning and critical discrimination. In the scope of its survey, the freshness and vigour of its appreciation, the book fills a great need.

The theme of Professor Smith's opening chapter is that Elizabethan pastoral poems were poems of good life. The Elizabethan pastoralist

**Elizabethan Poetry: A Study in Conventions, Meaning, and Expression.* By Hallett Smith. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1952. Pp. vii, 355. $6.75

sang of contentment with one's lot, however humble; of freedom from envy and ignoble greed, from pride and ambition; of the joys of the virtuous man who is his own master; of the plaints of the lover whose mistress is cruel; of country toils, and sorrows, and merrymakings; all of this in a mode at once sophisticated and naïve, a blend of the native traditions of song-and-dance games of the countryside and the observances of rural festivals with reminiscences of Theocritus and Virgil, Mantuan and Montemayor and Clement Marot. And it is all richly illustrated, from the earliest examples of pastoral lyric in that great Elizabethan storehouse of the kind, *England's Helicon*, to the major achievements of *The Shepheardes Calender*, the *Arcadia*, and the sixth book of *The Faerie Queene*.

In the chapter which illustrates the growth of the tradition of mythological narrative poetry deriving mainly from Ovid, Professor Smith first traces the course of a single narrative theme, the myth of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, through the whole period; and proceeds to sensitive and fresh appraisals of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* and other related examples; showing likewise how this stream of narrative is related to the "Fall of Princes" theme as exemplified in the *Mirror for Magistrates* and the "Complaints" of Daniel, Drayton, and others, and to the vogue of "Heroical Epistles" inaugurated by Drayton, the last a fashion deriving ultimately from Ovid's *Heroides*.

The chapter on the Elizabethan sonnets, one of the most notable in the volume, contains a much needed corrective of the popular notion that the Elizabethan sonneteers were engaged in writing their autobiographies. Upon the unending stream of fanciful interpretations of Shakespeare's sonnets, Professor Smith pronounces with a stout good sense that it is positively Johnsonian:

> Of all the poetry of the Elizabethan period, these sonnets have suffered most from the nineteenth century obsession with the biographical relation between poet and poetry. Mountains of conjecture have been built up concerning the story in the sonnet cycle, the identification of the persons involved in the story, and the secret of Shakespeare's heart, which, according to Wordsworth, the poet here unlocked for the world to see. These mountains of conjecture are almost all trash. They have no scientific or historical validity; no single theory about the sonnets commands anything even remotely approaching assent from all "qualified" critics. Nor do these theories contribute in the least to the understanding or appreciation of the poetry as poetry. The reason is fairly simple. They begin at the wrong end; they peer around the poetry at what they suppose is some exciting tissue of life or fact behind it. They are looking for scraps of diary or personal letters, more interested in the man than in his work.

Instead of such vapourings, we are here given a fine literary analysis not only of Shakespeare's sonnets but of Sidney's, Spenser's, and all the lesser figures—a treatment as welcome as it is rare.

Professor Smith's consideration of Elizabethan verse satire is similarly novel and vigorous. Here he starts from the social and economic milieu that produced the satire, and, with impressive learning, relates the poetry to the actual conditions of Elizabethan life it was intended to reflect, as recorded in historical sources. In view of this thorough historical analysis, we may well be amazed at the versatility with which he turns, in the following chapter, to the study of the relations between Elizabethan music—the golden age of English music, we remember, when everyone sang and most performed on more than one instrument as well—and the songs the poets wrote for musical settings. In the work of such artists as Thomas Campion, who composed in both modes, the two modes were mutually enriching, as Professor Smith shows. The chapter is written throughout with a grace that fits its subject—high praise, indeed.

Since we would not have this review regarded, however, as an unqualified gush of praise, we may say that the final chapter, on heroic poetry, seems to us less impressive than some of the others. The author chooses the emblem of Hercules at the fork in the road, symbolizing moral choice, as the unifying thread of his discussion; and while this theme allows him to say some apt and illuminating things about the moral emphasis of Renaissance epic and its most eminent Elizabethan example, *The Faerie Queene*, it does not seem to afford sufficient scope for doing thorough justice to the grandeur of Spenser's achievement.

We have here indicated only some of the highlights of Professor Smith's fine book. Its wealth of detailed and stimulating judgments the curious and cultivated reader will discover with delight. It is melancholy to reflect that so good a book will—immediately, at least—have but a limited effect; it is too learned for popular appeal, too free from *clichés* to be widely appreciated. But to those who know and love the great literature with which it deals, the book may be most warmly recommended.

SHORTER NOTICES

Medieval Philosophy. By FREDERICK C. COPLESTON. Home Study Books; General Editor, B. IFOR EVANS. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd. [Toronto: British Book Service (Canada) Ltd.]. 1952. Pp. vi, 194. $1.50.

Father Copleston, S.J., has set himself the unenviable task of presenting a survey of the whole field of medieval philosophy from Patristic times to the Renaissance in one short volume. The task is further complicated by the fact that he addresses the volume to the general reader.

The author has achieved his first objective, the survey, by reducing to much briefer compass the contents of his own two larger volumes covering the same material. These he has apparently rewritten to produce the present work; and he has eliminated much of the detailed exposition and subtler analysis. Such a course is obviously dictated by the nature of his audience. His second objective, making himself intelligible to the unphilosophic reader, imposes the burden of simplifying much of the precise terminology in which medieval philosophy is expressed. His appeal throughout is for a sympathetic hearing for the ideas he is presenting because, as he says, they are not only a very important part of our Western heritage but also have a profound intellectual value of their own.

In his larger volumes Fr Copleston seems to prefer what he calls a linear interpretation, by which he means that he will trace out the main lines of thought current in the Middle Ages and show the connections and influences of one thinker upon another. In the present volume it would appear that chronology is uppermost in his mind, for he is more concerned with a period by period outline of the main figures and doctrines.

The book proceeds from a very brief exposition of the contribution of the Fathers, a presentation that gives their spirit rather than their individual ideas, to the mystical doctrines of the fourteenth century, culminating in the writings of Nicholas of Cusa. Our author is at pains throughout to explain to the contemporary reader that, whereas much of modern thought is determined by the ideal of knowledge it possesses, to wit, experimental science, medieval thought is also largely determined by its scientific ideal, to wit, theology. It is to this theme that Fr Copleston returns as he presents the thought of Augustine, Anselm, Bonaventure, Aquinas, Scotus, and Ockham. However, he is always careful to accompany such explanations with words of caution to the effect that the speculative ideas thus generated remain phi-

losophical. This enables him to make several salutary suggestions to those who would see in the ideas of Roger Bacon, William of Ockham, and Nicholas of Autrecourt early forerunners of modern views. For, the author points out, their thought is in no sense secular even while it is philosophical, for it is mainly inspired by religious and theological motives. The work concludes with a very cursory glance at thirteenth- and fourteenth-century political theory, a brief bibliography, and an index.

Objection might be taken to one device Fr Copleston constantly uses to make his points clear to a modern audience. This device is the using of modern terms, many of them Kantian, to express his thought. If such terms are intelligible to his reader, then misunderstanding would seem almost unavoidable. And if the reader is really not skilled in philosophy and its language, then it would seem that such a tactic fails in its purpose. Many of his comparisons with modern systems also put a great burden on the non-specialist reader. And would a student of St. Thomas agree with Fr Copleston's remark that "St. Thomas found the difference between dogmatic theology and metaphysical philosophy to consist primarily in a difference of method" (p. 12)? Perhaps not. However, such minutiae should not puzzle or bother the person who is seeking an introduction to medieval problems and ways of thinking. Since Fr Copleston has addressed himself to such readers, we can only say that his main purposes have been achieved.

L. E. M. Lynch

A History of Science. Ancient Science through the Golden Age of Greece. By George Sarton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders and Company Limited]. 1952. Pp. xxvi, 646. $13.50.

This massive volume commences the task of presenting in a form palatable to the general reader the material contained in the author's even more massive *Introduction to the History of Science* (5 vols., 1927–48). The larger of these works was written in the severe style of an encyclopedic source-book, and was intended to be consulted rather than read. The present work, although far from being a popularization, is intended to be read rather than consulted. Its style is patterned on that of the lectures which Dr. Sarton gave on the history of science during more than forty years of teaching at Harvard University. As one would expect, the work reflects the deep and cosmopolitan learning of the author. Yet he successfully avoids any suggestion

of pedantry by adopting an informal manner of writing and by expressing his personal views on various matters *en passant*. Thus, although the exposition is never watered down, it is likewise never dry. Eventually, this book is to be followed by seven others dealing with the development of the sciences up to the present century.

In the opening section of the book, Dr. Sarton devotes considerable attention to the proto-science of Egypt and Mesopotamia. This is not only a fascinating topic in its own right; but by giving the reader an appreciation of what these civilizations achieved in astronomy, mathematics, medicine, and technology, the discussion corrects the common misconception that "the Greeks began it all." As Dr. Sarton remarks, "Greek science was less an invention than a revival." Yet the revival reached heroic dimensions in the work of such men as Aristarchus, Eudoxus, Euclid, Hippocrates, and Aristotle. Their accomplishments seem all the more remarkable when one recalls that these men had to combat widespread irrational or superstitious popular beliefs about the issues they were investigating. Dr. Sarton shows clearly how Hellenic science was a victory for rationalism over unreason. There were, to be sure, occasional failures due to the strength of irrational beliefs and the subtlety of their influence even on able minds. The chief example of a backslider here is apparently Plato. Like Professor Popper in *The Open Society*, Dr. Sarton is an enthusiastic Plato-hater, and the account which he gives of the founder of the Academy is a good deal less than objective. Aristotle, on the other hand, receives highly respectful treatment. The detailed summary of his scientific investigations and their relation to his general philosophy is excellent. This summary constitutes perhaps the richest part of the book, though the discussion of the Hippocratic corpus runs it a close second.

While the history of science is his central topic, Dr. Sarton contends that it cannot be understood apart from the history of society. He therefore discusses at some length the social context of the ideas and techniques whose development he is tracing. There is no obvious attempt, however, to introduce a causal interpretation in terms of social forces, so that the precise connection which the author envisages between science and society remains obscure. In view of a tendency which one senses throughout Dr. Sarton's book to be unsympathetic, if not hostile, to philosophy, it is interesting to find that he subscribes to the view that the history of science illustrates "the working of reason against unreason, the gradual unfolding of truth, in all its forms" (xiv). *Philosophiam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*

T. A. Goudge

Essays in Criticism. By E. JORDAN. With an Introduction and Synopses by ROBERT D. MACK. Chicago: University of Chicago Press [Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co. Ltd.]. 1952. Pp. vii, 384. $7.00.

Despite Professor Mack's help, this garrulous and inconsequential work cannot be understood without reference to Professor Jordan's *The Aesthetic Object* (1937), where he writes (p. 246): "At its best, at its nearest approach to beauty, life remains sordid, vulgar, brutal, and obscene." By "life" he means all that is personal—personal feelings, personal interests, personal contacts—to which he attributes all that he hates. Thus in ethics he dreams of a "good life" so rigidly institutionalized that no human relationship need depend on a personal attitude, and in aesthetics of a theory in which neither artist nor spectator need be mentioned. The present work tries to found upon such an aesthetic a method of criticism whereby one could deal with a tragedy without mentioning the attitudes or feelings of any of the characters: "His [Lear's] sufferings are not mental pains or psychic miseries, but writhings and contortions of the Great Fault that runs through the structure of all Being" (p. 85).

The attempt proceeds on the following lines. Every object belongs to two worlds, that of existence (composed of matter, or space-time) and that of value (composed of feeling, or colour-tone). The "cosmic split between existence and value" (p. 105) is the Great Fault just mentioned, the stuff of tragedy which is "the ground of literary art" (p. 222; cf. 247. This means that the lyric, called the basic poetic form on page 50, is not art at all—a fundamental contradiction which is nowhere resolved). As member of the world of value, the sunset, for example, is already a work of art: "It asserts itself in a poem or plays itself on a violin; you are silent while it speaks" (p. 93). This eliminates the artist, the "more or less passive instrument . . . in the hand of the genius of culture" (p. 311). Since "every relation . . . is *really* a relation of identity" (*Aesthetic Object*, p. 62), and one cannot make valid distinctions between colour and tone or quality and relation, sunset and poem and melody are somehow identical (cf. p. 48); clearly, Jordan's "identity" is the sunset in which all cats are pink. Furthermore, by "the principle of analogical identity" a word's meaning lies in its relation to the other words in a poem, not to any object or any person's state of mind; and if a poem deals with "life" or "experience" it does so not by referring to them but by forming an integral part of a cultural whole into which it is fused. This eliminates poet and reader alike.

The attempt, though ingenious, fails. Jordan, by emphasizing the artist's disinterestedness and passivity, focuses attention on those very

states of mind which he seeks to ignore. His insistence on the "unreality" of the mind and its experiences does nothing to explain the illusion of their reality; one cannot see how or why, on his system, poems need poets. Nor does he attempt to suggest how literary criticism in terms of colour-tone is possible, or what it would be like: the examples he gives are in terms of the Cosmic Split, and few would allow them the objectivity which he claims. He grants that his method "puts criticism out of reach of the critics" (p. 136), yet admits that his ignorance of critical techniques puts it beyond his own (pp. 221-2). But it is, after all, idle to suppose that the reduction of all relations to identity can afford a basis for critical distinctions.

F. E. SPARSHOTT

Ten Great Economists: From Marx to Keynes. By JOSEPH A. SCHUMPETER. New York: Oxford University Press, 1951. Pp. xiv, 305. $5.50.

While waiting impatiently for the posthumous publication of the late Professor Schumpeter's *History of Economic Analysis* it is good to have this collection of his essays on some of the great economists. The essays were written over a period of forty years, mostly on the death of an economist, or to celebrate some anniversary such as the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Marshall's *Principles*. Their collection in this volume is thoroughly justifiable; the translation of three of the essays for inclusion is a particularly valuable service. In addition to the ten essays, three short obituaries are included in an appendix. The essays are valuable as much for what they reveal of Schumpeter's thought as for the light they throw on the economists about whom he wrote.

The longest essay is that on Karl Marx. It is reprinted from *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* of which it formed Part I. Schumpeter apparently intended to include instead "The Communist Manifesto in Sociology and Economics" written for the *Journal of Political Economy* to mark the centenary of the Manifesto, but his literary executors substituted the longer more comprehensive study. Professor Schumpeter's choice was probably correct: the other essay is more in character; it is a remarkably effective short paper. It has been reprinted in another collection of his essays, *Essays of Joseph A. Schumpeter*, edited by Richard V. Clemence (Cambridge, Mass. 1951). Both studies of Marx call for careful reading: they are the product of admiration, real understanding, and profound disagreement!

Since Schumpeter was himself a product of the Austrian School it is natural that there should be essays on Menger and Bohm-Bawerk;

and there is an obituary of Wieser. But Schumpeter had more sympathy with the School of Lausanne; hence the excellent short paper on Walras and the longer one on Pareto; hence, too, the paper on Irving Fisher. The Cambridge School is represented by his fine centenary tribute to Marshall and his generous though critical essay on the death of Maynard Keynes. "As with Marx, it is possible to admire Keynes even though one may consider his social vision to be wrong and every one of his propositions to be misleading. . . . Whatever happens to the doctrine, the memory of the man will live—outlive both Keynesianism and the reaction to it" (p. 291). Two other Americans join Irving Fisher in this select gallery of great economists: Taussig and W. C. Mitchell. Of Taussig he says: "He was one of the first to realize that economic theory . . . is not a storehouse of recipes or a philosophy, but a tool to analyze the patterns of real life" (p. 215). Mitchell, and the National Bureau of Economic Research which he founded and inspired, laboured to discover the "patterns." "The purpose of presenting the facts so as to confront them with theories stands out impressively" (p. 259). There remain two obituaries: of G. F. Knapp, and of Von Bortkiewicz. The former has had little influence on economics of the English-speaking world in spite of the translation of his book on money; the latter is best known for his criticism of the Marxian theory of value. In the essays are blended erudition and showmanship, sharp criticism and warm generosity, brilliant generalization and deep insight. All in all, this is a valuable book for economists, and an interesting book for a much wider circle.

V. W. Bladen

Science and Values: Explorations in Philosophy and the Social Sciences. By John A. Irving. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1952. Pp. xi, 148. $3.50

Science and Values is composed chiefly of articles and book reviews (some slightly revised) previously published in Canadian and American periodicals. It contains, in addition, the chapter which the author contributed to *The Heritage of Western Culture* (edited by R. C. Chalmers). Professor Irving has provided effective outlines of the topics and books under consideration. His critical comments are penetrating and stimulating.

Among the books which he has reviewed are: *Patterns of Progress* by Horace M. Kallen; *Conflicting Patterns of Thought* by Karl Pribram; three UNESCO discussions of "world tensions" edited by

Hadley Cantril, Otto Klineberg, and George W. Kisker; *The Reconstruction of Humanity* by Pitrim A. Sorokin. There are discussions of "happiness" and "evolution" as ethical standards; the "comparative method"; philosophical trends in Canada; democracy and communism.

In writing these articles and reviews, Professor Irving was motivated by several convictions which he states in the opening pages of *Science and Values* and in the Epilogue. He believes that a "new reformation" is required in order to achieve a "reconstruction of humanity." In this reconstruction, philosophy must play a leading role. It should provide a statement of "universal," "ultimate" values. (Since science is neutral, it cannot provide ultimate values.) Philosophy should stress the necessity of making use of the facts of psychology and sociology (as well as those of natural science, politics and economics). Professor Irving is convinced that the disregard of psychology and sociology is one of the greatest weaknesses in modern thought. A new "liberal education" should have as its core—the social sciences. However, the facts of the social sciences (as apprehended by techniques philosophically valid) must be used in accordance with value ideals stated by philosophy. The old individualized, compartmentalized, type of education should be replaced by a socially oriented, organic type of approach. In stressing value, Professor Irving emphasizes the importance of recognizing that values function in a particular social situation and cannot be understood unless this is appreciated.

It is to be regretted that some quotations are not identified. The author stresses the "exploratory" nature of these "chapters." It is to be hoped that Professor Irving will continue the project which is outlined and illustrated in this volume.

A. H. JOHNSON

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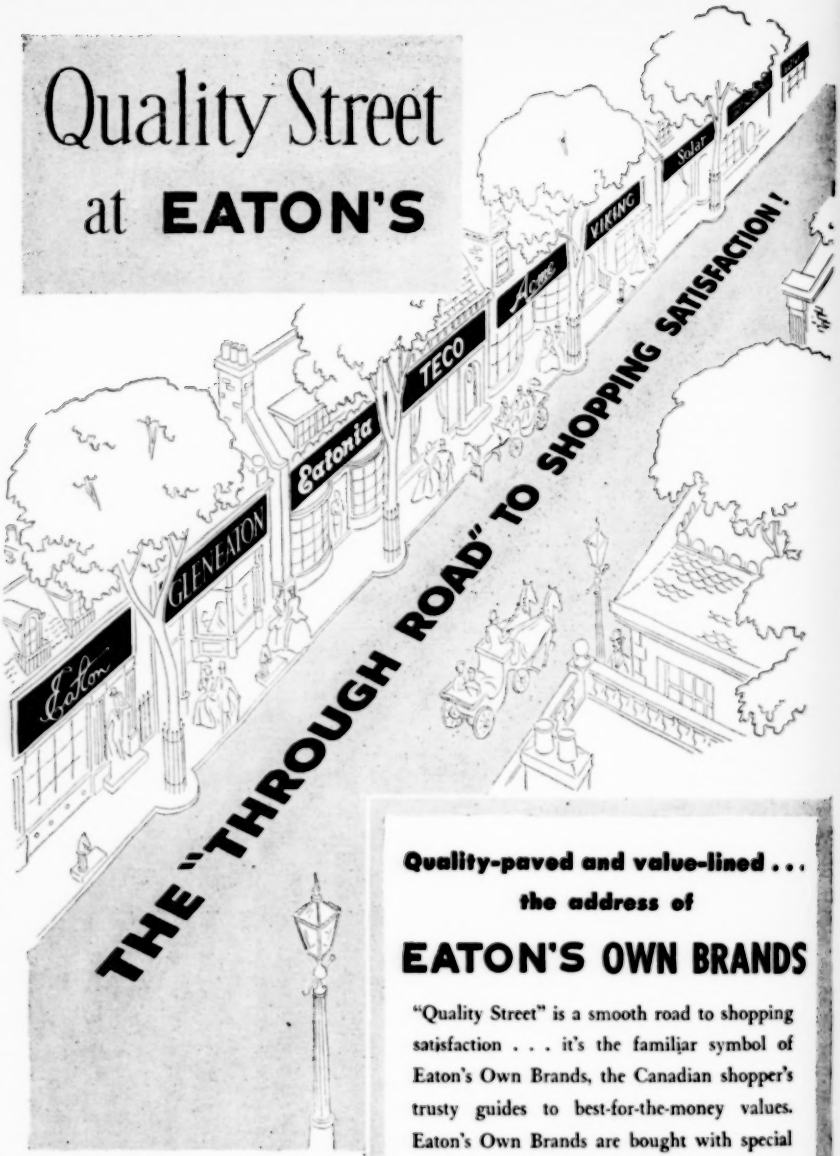

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